

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE general result of the Presidential election will not surprise the country, though there are some special details of it about which there had been, up to the last moment, sufficient doubt to make the final news waited for with expectancy and received with gratification. In spite of the "claims" of the Liberal Republican papers, it was well enough known that no one of any sense thought that "the only Southern State likely for Grant is South Carolina"; or that Illinois was doubtful, or that New York and New Jersey belonged in "the Greeley column." But there was grave doubt if O'Brien might not be elected Mayor of New York; if Banks, in his Congressional district, might not fail to reap the fit reward of his unprincipled astute stupidity; if ex-President Johnson might not succeed in inflicting himself upon the country as a Tennessee Congressman for the next two years. But the game of Senator Blair and Senator Fenton—good enough for the small canvassing in which those leaders are adepts—was tried on too large a scale to meet with anything but the most thorough and sweeping defeat, and nearly everything has gone as every sensible man thought it must go and every decent man wished it should go. All the great States have cast for Grant and Wilson a very heavy proportion of the Republican party vote, and the action of the Democrats has fulfilled the words common in the mouths of many of them last July when their Hoffman-Kinsella-Ben-Wood leaders turned them over to Greeley at Baltimore; they were sold, but declined to be delivered. As we go to press, it seems probable that the Republicans have carried every State except Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, Georgia, Missouri, and Virginia; and of these States Tennessee seems to have elected a Republican Congressman-at-large and Missouri may have elected a Republican Governor, while Virginia may turn out to have gone for Grant and Wilson. Supposing this general calculation of the electoral vote to be correct, the Republicans would have well on to three hundred votes, against something less than a hundred for Greeley and Brown. It is some time since we have had any expectation that the Coalitionists would secure many more votes than were secured by Seymour and Blair in 1868, and at their best they have apparently done very little better than the Democracy did then. For the interest of both the North and the South, we may say of humanity, we hope the South will ponder this result and consider carefully what shall be its political course. Certain things, she should know, are settled and at rest; or at least will always be decided in this one way as often as they are brought up for decision.

The result of the municipal election has, if possible, been even more satisfactory than that of the Presidential election. O'Brien, who entered the field as a "boss," has been badly beaten—his followers numbering in all about 33,000. This is an unpleasantly large number, it must be admitted, considering that the candidate secured them solely by distribution of coal and other acts of "kindness to the poor." But it was a small number, considering that the Republican "managers" in this city bargained with him some days before the election, came very near nominating him for the mayoralty and supporting him with all their force, and only gave up the plan at the last moment through sheer shame. The fact that they had been bargaining, however, got abroad, and created the belief in many minds that they were only running Havemeyer as a "dummy," and were secretly helping O'Brien, a theory which O'Brien did his best to spread. Many persons were thus led to vote for Lawrence, the Tammany candidate, fearing that a vote for Havemeyer would

be thrown away. That the latter has been elected, and that O'Brien should stand at the foot of the poll, under these circumstances, must therefore be considered a most cheering sign, and we trust will be a warning to "managers." It will be a great gain when these gentlemen are thoroughly convinced that the public is not made up of knaves and fools.

Along with Havemeyer's election comes that of the Reform Judiciary ticket. Two excellent Judges, Messrs. Van Vorst and Noah Davis, mount the bench in place of McCunn and Cardozo. Josiah Sutherland, also an upright and experienced man, succeeds as City Judge Gunning S. Bedford, one of the Ring charlatans, a young person of the Hall type of mind and character, whose antics on the criminal bench have, during the past few years, been one of the municipal scandals, though we believe no charge of "corruption," in the New York sense of that word, has been brought against him. In fact, the reform spirit seems to have fairly taken possession of the city voters, and if it can be kept alive by solid results, there will be a fairer prospect of pure government than we have had since 1846. But we doubt if it can be kept alive, unless the number of elective officers is cut down, and the city elections are separated *in toto* from the national ones, in time at least. The O'Brien bargain was the result of having the city and national election on the same day; it would not have been thought of otherwise. Every voter yesterday had nearly fifty candidates for city offices submitted for his choice, and there were not over six of them about whom a man having honest business to attend to could know or learn anything. On the whole, therefore, the result is most encouraging.

The most significant and striking "lesson of the election" is undoubtedly the rebuke it administers to "managers" and "practical politicians." We do not think six months would be a day too long for the members of this calling in the Liberal ranks to retire from the public gaze. The young ruffians and blatherskites whom they put forward to do the public and dirty work of the canvass of course have various excuses to offer, but the knowing men who palmed off Horace Greeley on the Cincinnati Convention as "truly popular," even if nothing else, must surely long for "a lodge in some vast wilderness." Those sagacious Westerners too, who snorted over the simplicity of the Eastern men when they doubted Greeley's "availability," and promised wonderful things from a certain mysterious state of feeling about the Sage which they said existed "west of the Alleghanies," and which no New Yorker or New Englander could understand, must feel that they owe an apology or explanation to somebody. Though last not least, the Greeleyite delegates who attended the Fifth Avenue Conference must, and ought now, for the credit of their sex, if for no other reason, to explain the grounds on which they were so sure that Greeley would carry every State in the Union except Massachusetts, which as moderate and cautious men they left "doubtful." Those who were present at that remarkable gathering may remember how the supporters of Honest Horace rose man after man in their seats, and, after likening him to some disgusting drug, declared that their sole reason for accepting him was their certainty that he would win, and how each of them then, with calm and unblushing brow, announced the majority by which Greeley was sure to carry his State. But the best and most enjoyable feature in the proceeding was their scorn and indignation for the "visionaries" and "impracticables" who refused to accept Greeley at any price. One old Democratic War-horse from Pennsylvania got so angry over them that he could hardly keep his seat. He wanted to go home and work for "a fact" and have done with talk. He has got his "fact," and we suspect would now prefer a vision or fancy.

The last important "exposure" of the campaign appeared in the *Times* of Monday. From this it appears that "the party which holds up its hands in horror at the use of money in elections," i.e., the Greeley party, had drained the pockets of the patriots who composed it to the extent of \$300,000 during the canvass; that among others Mr. A. T. Stewart was approached at an early day, and asked for money; that he, with his accustomed sagacity, replied that owing to his extensive business connections, and the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Grant officials, he could not subscribe openly, but would *sub rosa*; that Mr. Ethan Allen was so overjoyed by this that he immediately "rushed the fact into the newspapers"; this singular indiscretion disgusted Mr. Stewart, and it was as much as Mr. Fenton could do to get him to give even a portion of what he had at first promised. He afterwards subscribed to the Grant campaign expenses, thus treating "both sides alike except only as to amounts." There is a scandalous story also about Ethan Allen and ex-Marshall Murray, who, it seems, are quarrelling over a sum of \$1,000, part of the campaign fund. This dispute may get into the courts, and if it does, there will be a great deal of amusement among all regular Republicans and Democrats, and a corresponding amount of chagrin among the Liberals over the Marshall's spelling, which, to judge by the letter published in the *Times*, is far from correct, and shows, as our fathers would have said, that "the intelligence of those who advocated the election of Mr. Greeley was quite on a level with their morality."

The *Times* also published the same day a long and despairing letter written by the late Secretary of the Greeley National Committee, and which, together with the other exposures, were doubtless sold to the *Times* by Greeley "workers" anxious to turn an honest penny before the camp was broken up. Although this Johnson letter, or "Confession" as the *Times* calls it, relates to events which have now lost their interest, it is worth preservation as the most perfect specimen of a politician's "view of the situation" we have ever seen. Its mixture of shrewdness and candor, of professional despondency with personal jollity, of public admiration with private contempt, of readiness to tell lies with zeal for "the right," have never been surpassed. The effect is heightened immensely by the lingo in which it is written, and which is the regular caucus dialect. Another remarkable thing about it is its abundance of grotesque imagery, which must in many places have cost the writer a great deal of trouble, though, as the letter was private, it is hard to see why he should have taken it. We advise every "foreign observer" now on this continent to get a copy of it, not simply for the sake of the style, but because it is as good an explanation as has been offered, or can be offered of the causes of Greeley's defeat from the politician's standpoint; but it must be remembered that a politician's causes are all secondary. His ruin is always wrought not by public sentiment but by "dissensions" or "treachery" among the "workers," or by the want of money.

Mayor Hall's second trial has come to an end, the jury having disagreed. Seven jurymen were for conviction, five for acquittal, according to common report. This result will not tend to enhance the popular belief in the value of jury trial, which cannot now be said to stand at a very high point. Although in general we do not like to criticise the judicial action of lawyers of Judge Brady's standing, we cannot avoid saying that in his charge to the jury he made a great mistake in not giving some definite indication as to his opinion about the evidence. The idea that the judge and jury are separate and independent bodies is well in theory, but it does not correspond with the actual facts as we see them. There are numerous cases in which judges encroach upon the theoretical boundary of the jury's power and are yet within the practical limits of law—as for instance, when a judge sets aside a verdict as against the evi-

dence in the case, or for an excessive award of damages, or when he nonsuits a plaintiff, or directs the acquittal of a defendant. If it were his duty merely to admit certain kinds of evidence, explain the law to the jury, and then leave the case to them, he would do none of these things. Besides this, the rules excluding hearsay evidence, which prevail only in Anglo-Saxon countries, were originally framed to protect the public from juries' ignorance and want of skill, and are based upon the idea that what the jury needs is instruction and guidance at the hands of the court. These considerations have double force, too, at the present day, when the jury is, as a rule, in this city, though better than it has been, not wholly enlightened.

"Woodhull & Claflin" have reissued their paper during the week in a style of disgusting obscenity, and evidently for the purpose of levying blackmail by libellous attacks on persons likely to purchase immunity with money. One of these has had the male publishers arrested on a criminal charge for libel, and swears that they sent him a proof of the article on him in type, offering to suppress it for \$200, which he declined to pay. In the meantime the two female editors have been indicted by the United States Grand Jury for sending indecent publications through the mails, and will doubtless get the full penalty of the law—one year's imprisonment and a fine, which will do them a world of good, and which they ought to have had long ago. We cannot help calling the attention of our Woman's Rights friends to the fact that it is to their attentions, and to their new doctrine that it makes no difference for the purposes of a "movement" what a woman's character is, provided she is "sound on the main question," that we owe the rise of these two wretched creatures into notoriety. That a considerable number of respectable women, with a fair repute for common sense, should have cast to the winds all well-established canons of human experience as to the value of female modesty, and have paraded this pair of adventurers as valued "co-workers" in a "great cause," is the most dismal illustration we have yet had of the aberrations into which the "spirit of progress" occasionally leads people.

The horse distemper—or "epizootic influenza," as it is called by those who must have a fine name, even if the ideas which it represents are rather vague—is gradually abating, so far as New York is concerned. The streets are comparatively full of horses; here and there during the past week a solitary ox-team or a handful of men might be seen dragging a cartload of furniture or of merchandise, but the cases were few and far between. One enterprising establishment, desirous of transporting its wares and at the same time of extending its "connection," conceived the idea of enlarging the ox's sphere of influence by sending a loaded team through the city with a large sign or banner above, a blouse-clad driver in front, with another on the seat, the latter being provided with several bands of sleigh-bells, which he occasionally jangled. The effect on the public was admirable, but the appearance of the team confirmed us in the belief that the ox is not an animal adapted for use on the pavements of this city. As the oxen stumbled and slipped along Broadway, patiently tugging at the heavy load behind them, the spectacle was quite melancholy, and if it became frequent would call for the intervention of Mr. Bergh. Accustomed as the ox has for centuries been to country roads, the effect upon his mind and physical constitution of such roadbeds as have been furnished us by the City Government of New York is not easy to calculate.

Four millions, at least, of the forty-four millions threatened by the Treasury, and petitioned for by "prominent business men," have been let loose. The *Times* acknowledges it in its Washington correspondence as something about which there is no concealment. It says that four or five millions of the forty-four, which the Treasury considers a "reserve" which it is entitled to issue at its



discretion, were thrown on the market at the last sale of gold and purchase of bonds on the 7th of October. Of course, if the discretion exists and five millions have already been issued, we may shortly expect the remainder. It should be remembered that there is the strongest doubt whether the law will bear any such interpretation as the Secretary of the Treasury puts on it, and considering the gravity of the question involved—namely, the right of one man, at such time as he pleases, to increase the legal-tender currency of the country by one-seventh—one would think that he would wait and get the distinct authority of Congress before moving in the matter. But respect for law, or hesitation in doubtful cases, has not been a characteristic of the Administration, and of no member of it less than Mr. Boutwell. So he is going ahead. With this power in the Secretary's hand, no man is safe in undertaking any business venture, and we need hardly say that the Secretary would have to be more than human to prevent his friends profiting by it. Greeley was not the man to give us "reform," but verily reform is needed.

A third American steamer, the *Missouri*, has been lost within the past week, and, as usual, with great loss of life, and with a lamentable display of want of readiness in danger on the part of all on board. In the case of the *Bienville*, the captain displayed courage and presence of mind; but in the other two, the appearance of peril seems to have resolved officers, crew, and passengers in a few minutes into a wild and panic-stricken mob. In the *Missouri* the boats were either not launched or launched in such a slovenly manner as to be swamped instantly. The only man on board who seems to have kept either head or heart was a West Indian passenger, who threw his own pleasure-boat overboard and got into her safely, and, knowing how to manage her, saved twelve lives. The impression which all this is making on people's minds is very painful. They are asking themselves whether the skill, the coolness in the presence of danger, and the spirit of discipline of American seamen are disappearing along with American shipping. The *World* predicts that if this sort of thing occurs much oftener, few will be willing to trust their lives on the water under the American flag. But the answer is simple—the money-getting devil has so thoroughly got hold of American corporations that they have not only got pretty well rid of the moral sense, but of national pride. Some of them do not care to ship American seamen, or any other kind of seamen, among their crews. The sailor of most of the steamers is now a "deck hand," that is, a laborer, whose business it is to load and unload freight. When it comes to launching and manning boats in a heavy sea, he is found to be uncontrollable and good for little except to howl and jump about. As to the discipline of most of the coasting steamers, the less said about it, the better. We heard of an authentic illustration of its condition the other day which is worth mention. A fight broke out among the passengers in one of the Havana steamers, the line to which the *Missouri* belonged, and knives were drawn. The Captain made his appearance to quell the riot with a long knife of his own, and threatened if the peace was not preserved he himself would "sail in" and begin stabbing. The whole matter of inspection needs thorough overhauling; in other words, the people want more protection, at sea at least, from the greed of companies, and we trust when "reform inside the party" begins they will receive it.

A letter to the *Tribune* dated Titusville, October 26, gives a curious account of a new plan on the part of those interested in petroleum to control the "crude oil" market. The plan is to establish a stock company, including producers, refiners, and also railroad lines, under the laws of Pennsylvania, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, subscriptions to be payable not in money but in oil, at five dollars a barrel, the company to be a vast oil bank, distributing or restraining the production and distribution of oil at its pleasure. Members of the association cannot sell except to the association;

and it is provided that whenever the production of "petroleum shall be permanently in excess of the demand, the Council shall determine at what time the production shall be restrained, and shall take such measures as may be practicable, necessary, and lawful to prevent the drilling of oil-wells." There are a number of other articles, including the usual provision for a Bureau of Statistics and Information—not intended, as the evil-minded might suppose, for the suppression, but for the dissemination of useful knowledge relating to the business. This is the second monopoly of the kind that has been projected within a year or two, the "South Improvement Company" having failed through the premature assumption of the office of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics by some unauthorized outsider, the public taking alarm at the statistics and information which he disseminated. The success of such a scheme must depend upon the railroads, and its chief interest lies in the fact that it should be possible, by contracts with local Tom Scotts or Vanderbilts, to control the access to public highways. Under the present system, the law of railroads is rapidly assimilating itself to that of private ways at common law.

General Ducrot, who made the great sortie during the siege of Paris, and vowed to come back "dead or victorious," but did neither, has issued an address to the troops under his command, in which, after calling for discipline and all other good military qualities, he declared that "the time might come when the Germans would regret rending hearts and homes, and tearing from France her dearest children." This has produced a good deal of perturbation, and it was rumored that the German ambassador had demanded an explanation; but this is unlikely, because the explanation is simple enough. General Ducrot has only said what the whole French army is thinking, and what M. Thiers's policy naturally leads it to think. The military reorganization has been conducted on a scale which nothing but the hope or expectation of revenge could justify; but, nevertheless, if the officers are not restrained in their speechifying, they may seriously damage French credit.

The collision which has been long foreseen between the Upper and Lower House of the Prussian Parliament has at last occurred over the County Reform Bill, which proposed to extend the sphere of local self-government in the rural districts, and which was passed by the Lower House last session, but has now been rejected by the House of Lords by a vote of 145 to 18. Whereupon Count Eulenberg, the Minister of the Interior, gave in his resignation, having made the measure "a cabinet measure"; but the Emperor refused to receive it, and the Ministers have now followed the English practice, and dissolved Parliament, or, in other words, appealed to the country. The bill will be passed again after the election by the Lower House, and should the House of Lords still hold firm, the Crown will, it is declared, follow the English precedent of 1832, and threaten to create, or create, as many new peers as may be necessary to carry the measure. There is, however, hardly any likelihood that the peers will stand firm, although they are the last stronghold of Junker bigotry. The course of the Crown—that is, of Bismarck—in this matter is as strong a proof as could be desired of the baselessness of the fears which many entertained that the effects of the war on Prussian institutions would be reactionary, or at least conservative. Thus far they have certainly proved highly liberalizing. But it makes one sad, nevertheless, to recall the fact that many European Liberals—the *London Spectator*, for instance—declared vehemently in 1870 that the cause of France was "the cause of human liberty." It was nothing of the kind. Liberty has gained and is likely to gain more from German triumphs in the next five years than from France in the next fifty. There is nothing in the present condition of France, or in its history during the last twenty years, which is not calculated to create despondency about the future of free government.

## THE SECOND PRESIDENCY OF GENERAL GRANT.

THE first term of General Grant began at probably the most unfortunate moment at which any man without the training of a politician and the experience of a statesman could have assumed the responsibilities of the office. The sense of relief from the great strain of the war was passing away; the irritation arising from excessive ill-adjusted taxation and the first contraction of a delusive inflated currency, was beginning. The first burst of contemporary gratitude to a great soldier was dying out, and the debt due to him from the country he was regarded as having saved was supposed by many to be paid by the gift of its highest office; while the reverential love which a second generation gives a national hero had not yet begun. The disastrous Administration of Andrew Johnson, with its corrupt system of office-bargaining between the President and the Senate, had surrendered no small part of the attributes of the Presidency; so that instead of public officers being, as the Constitution prescribes, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, they had come to be appointed by the Senate on the nomination of the President. The impeachment, too, had lessened the public estimation of the office; and to such a degree that respectable and ordinarily temperate journals and periodicals had attempted to demonstrate that an objectionable President might be removed by impeachment, though entirely innocent of high crimes and misdemeanors. There were, moreover, certain personal characteristics of General Grant which tended strongly to make his administration a failure, but which, singularly, indicate that his second administration will be incomparably better than the first.

The first of these personal traits is that characteristic which cannot be readily defined, but is well understood in the common phrase of "minding his own business." This characteristic he possesses in an extraordinary degree. Positively—reticent, composed, self-contained; negatively—neither curious, nor enquiring, nor enthusiastic, nor sympathetic. In the army the quality served him both ill and well. As a subaltern, it probably contributed to his failure, being mistaken for indifference and a want of soldierly, ambitious zeal. When he became a brigadier-general he was content to be simply general, not flying about among his regiments, drilling, instructing, enquiring, but leaving all regimental work to his regimental commanders. Officers who served immediately under him, and who, fresh from civil life, felt the need of an active superior, never saw him, and regarded him as a listless, indolent, and perhaps incompetent commander. But when he rose to more extended commands, his subordinates gradually learnt two things: first, that the responsibility of their command rested entirely upon themselves; second, that while they would be justly appreciated and generously commended, they would never be interfered with within their own official spheres. Hence grew up that remarkable devotion which led such soldiers as Sherman and McPherson to refuse to be transferred to another commander, and that capability which redounded to his own success; for certainly no other general was served by such efficient subordinates as General Grant.

But when he left the army and came to direct the civil affairs of the Government, this controlling characteristic of his nature nearly caused his ruin. He had entered West Point a mere boy and grown up there, taught little of civil matters, and from his nature seeking little beyond his business, which was to become a soldier. His frontier life and the Mexican war kept him all the more closely to that business. When he left the army in disgrace, his sad secluded life was bounded by the four walls of a little shop; so secluded was it that when he went back to Galena covered with renown, it was said that not thirty of his townsmen knew him by sight. During the war he saw nothing of public men save a few officious intermeddling members of Congress, and was warned by his lieutenant that Washington was a den of disaster and iniquity. At the end of the war when he moved his headquarters to the seat of Government, he had never studied the work of the politician or the statesman, for it had not been his business; and because it had not been his business he knew nothing of it or them. Of civil affairs

and of public men in civil life, he was probably the most ignorant intelligent man in the United States.

The greatest misfortune that has ever befallen General Grant is that he came to the Presidency too young. If with his unerring instinct in the selection of men, his quiet observation, sound sense, and evenly balanced judgment, he had continued four or eight years longer in Washington at the head of the army, he would probably have made a great and useful President. As it was he came not to administer but to be taught. There are indications enough that his own modest self-estimate and excellent judgment told him this; but unfortunately he had beside him a shallow, selfish, unscrupulous counsellor in Mr. Washburn, and he had been crossed and vexed in his brief administration of the War Office by Mr. Johnson, and roused into the desire for power which mortification frequently awakens in men of quiet temperament. He came to the Presidency almost absolutely ignorant, from a civil point of view, of men and things. It was inevitable, therefore, that he should lean upon the few men he knew, and obtain information only from those immediately around him. Yet he had a clear idea that the country needed something more than the management of professional politicians, and that the people looked to him to introduce an era of better things. The idea of administrative reform was not ripe in the public mind, and the desire for a new civil service had not a definite form, yet no incense was ever more grateful to the nostrils of a people than the smoke which arose while General Badeau burnt the office-seekers' letters. When Colonel McClure was sent home with nothing but the title of "The Pennsylvania Politician," and sundry intruding senators were turned back by the assurance that their assistance was unneeded, the hopes of nearly all men seemed to be no longer deferred. General Grant saw this plainly, and proceeded in his quiet way to make up his own practical working Cabinet. But when his private "slate" was broken by the declension of Mr. Wilson, and the ineligibility of Mr. Stewart, it disconcerted the plan of his campaign; his ignorance of men was an impediment to further movements, and all his military strategy unavailing to recover the ground lost by the surprise. The confidence of the country in General Grant, especially in his moral courage and firmness and his supposed determination "to fight it out on this line," caused an apparent apathy, influential men leaving the matter placidly to the President, believing that he was abundantly able to hold up his own hands during the emergency. The wily politicians in Congress saw their advantage and seized it. They held before him the fate of his predecessor, and assured him that he would have arrayed against him his own party in Congress who controlled the press and possessed the ear of the public, and they besought him as friends to follow in the beaten pathway of presidents, and warned him that his efforts were considered blunderings, and were fast becoming ridiculous. The fear of causing new dissensions between Congress and the Executive, a sense of his own inexperience and ignorance, perhaps some dread of having his high military reputation clouded by the ridicule which would be attached to a chimerical and impracticable scheme, proved too strong a combination of adverse causes, and General Grant surrendered. If the President had stood firm, throwing upon Congress the responsibility of rejecting Mr. Stewart, and patiently selecting new men who would serve their country as cabinet ministers rather than their party as professional politicians, there is little fear that the country would have been on his side, and members of Congress soon relegated to their constitutional sphere of legislative duties. We deplore the result, and cannot wholly forgive the surrender, but an examination of the operating causes and agencies enables us to understand how it was brought about.

The next characteristic of General Grant has been his instinctive sagacity in choosing men. In military life this talent had been perhaps the chief cause of his success. No other general can show such a triumvirate as Sherman, Sheridan, and McPherson, beside the long list of lesser field-officers, equally active and devoted, if



not equally renowned. When the President went over to the politicians, he chose his lieutenants as skilfully as he had selected those of the army. It is true that their tactics have been most unfortunate for the country, and almost disastrous to their party, but as mere politicians there could not have been selected more indefatigable fighters. General Grant abandoned a line of statesmanship for a line of politics, and on his new line it became necessary, in his opinion, to have a new set of corps-commanders. The men we do not admire, their field of operations we think small, their system of strategy shallow and mean; but as officers adapted to that kind of petty political warfare they were the ablest that could be had.

But there is one other characteristic of General Grant which his first Presidency has hardly called into action, but which in the second may be found to retrieve much of the ground that has been lost. This is ability to learn, and especially to learn wisdom from his own mistakes. The repulse at Belmont (whether we judge it by his first or substituted report) and the comprehensive strategy of the campaign of 1864-'5 will always seem to be the work of two different men. Yet between the two extremes can be traced his steady, patient growth; erring, but erring less and less; making mistakes, but never repeating the same one; moving tardily, but always in some way attaining ultimate success. It is on this characteristic that the hopes of his countrymen may now rest. We have reason to believe that during the four years of his term he has been learning as during the four years of the war; that little has escaped his quiet, unobtrusive attention; and that his knowledge of public men and the wants and interests of the country is incomparably greater than it was. On certain subjects, as civil-service reform, he has always been in advance of his party in Congress, and has proved to be much stronger than his party and his party leaders among the people. He owes nothing to Messrs. Morton and Cameron, and other managers, and they owe all their present success to him. With the first Presidency we hope the President will consider his debts of gratitude to those gentlemen fully paid, and himself entirely free to administer the affairs of the executive department exclusively for the welfare of the country.

#### POLITICAL ECONOMY IN GERMANY.

THE great rise in prices in Germany caused by the enormous sums which she is receiving from France, and the change in the distribution of population caused by the organization of the Empire, and the social awakening which has naturally followed on the development of the Constitutional system, are, as might have been expected, stimulating the discontent of the laboring classes, and stimulating the discussion of the labor question among all classes. This question has not yet assumed the prominence in Germany which it has long possessed in France, and is rapidly assuming in England, but it has begun during the last ten years to threaten all political problems with serious complications, and to exercise a very disturbing influence on industry. That socialism has not already obtained as strong a hold on the German as on the French workingmen, is not due to any lack of exertion on the part of socialist agitators and philosophers. The Church has had in Germany a succession of apostles and prophets such as Lasalle, Jacob, Bebel, and Marx, who have had full as much fervor as their brethren in France, but have had to work in a much less promising soil. The Germans have had no social revolution; and their political experience has been of a kind to make the position of the aristocracy easy. In Prussia they have been subjected to the stern discipline of a military monarchy, and, though last not least, their temperament makes them rather ill fitted for the heats and enthusiasms and visions without which socialism is nothing more than oratorical vapor.

The economical policy of Prussia, to which what we are now saying more particularly applies, has for a long while been that of Adam Smith, or, as it perhaps ought more properly to be called, that

of Cobden and Bright. Prussian legislation has for many years run in the direction of non-interference with trade and industry, and employers and workmen have been left to fight their battles out as best they might. In fact, the "interdependence of classes" received a severe blow from the reforms of Stein long before it had been shaken in countries much more advanced politically. The Government has long taken charge of the education of the young, and has exacted of every citizen solid and efficient military service; but it has not, as regards either trade, commerce, or religion, been what is called a "paternal," or, in other words, a meddling Government. Its financial and industrial policy has for many years been shaped by shrewd, hard-headed economists—mostly brokers and merchants and manufacturers of the *laissez-faire* school; and it certainly cannot be said that the country has not prospered under their auspices. But it has not been in their power, and it is not in any one's power, to prevent the growth of suspicion and distrust between employers and laborers. The causes which have bred these feelings elsewhere, and which have often been discussed in these columns, are actively at work in Germany, and with the usual results. In Germany, as elsewhere, the weak, the ignorant, the idle, the shufflers, and the stupid go to the wall, and there, as elsewhere, the strong and educated, and industrious, and thrifty, and intelligent get most of the good things of this life; and in the struggle there is naturally a good deal of suffering, a good deal of both real and apparent injustice, and a good many of those contrasts of fortune and condition which the poor in our time find it so hard to bear. In other words, the *laissez-faire* policy has not any more than the protective policy abolished poverty or made honest men sure of their due, and its failure has been suddenly magnified by the enormous industrial disturbance wrought by the French indemnity.

Under these circumstances, there is occurring in Germany what has occurred in England. An agitation has been started by a number of "educated radicals," mostly young men, filling chairs in the universities, for a return to paternal government. They call themselves "historical economists," and have their minds filled with questions of the content and good feeling which reigned among the working-classes in the old days of the guilds, when the man's duty to the master and the master's duty to the man were regulated by law, and when everybody had a settled status and appendant rights, and was not left to seek his subsistence on the stormy sea of competition. They are enamored, too, as the English Positivists and Carlylists are, of strong government. They are sick of debates, and hate the very name of Adam Smith, and want to have wages and rent and hours of labor settled by the police, acting under the orders of a humane and enlightened minister. "We have had enough of your political economy," they say; "you call it a science, and yet no two of you are agreed about one of its axioms, definitions, or canons; you say it regulates industrial relations, and yet the whole industrial world is plunged in confusion; you say it provides the workingman with the means of acquiring that share of products to which he is entitled, and yet the workingman was never so discontented." In the Congress which they called at Eisenach, to which we referred last week, a misfortune overtook these gentlemen which threatens their school everywhere, but which our "Labor Reformers" have thus far been knowing enough to avoid. They had been injudicious enough to put on paper a formal and detailed statement of their demands, and the result was that their positions were one by one assaulted and carried by the hard-hearted, practical men who came to the Congress. Their aims were acknowledged on all hands to be praiseworthy, but their plans for carrying them out were shown to be so opposed to the habits, tastes, notions of morality, on which the social organization in Germany is based, that there would not be the slightest chance of securing their adoption, even if embodied in legislation. Among us the friends of paternal government have thus far confined themselves to vague denunciation of existing social arrangements, or vague longings for the regeneration of humanity by governmental action, but no blandishments have thus far succeeded in inducing

them to draft a bill for the formal extirpation of poverty and rascality.

The rising of the professors in Germany is, however, mainly interesting to us for the illustration it affords of the curious combination of mutually destructive tendencies, if we may use the expression, of which social radicalism all over the world is made up. If there is one feature in it which is more prominent than another, it is its contempt, or indeed one might say its hatred, of authority. It is not thrones, principalities, or powers alone of which it seeks the overthrow. It wages unceasing warfare on the principle of obedience in all fields of human activity. It is mutinous towards parliaments as towards kings, as impatient of jurisprudence as of theology, and dislikes the justice of the peace nearly as much as the military general; and its influence, whether good or bad, whether a preparation for better things or for worse, has undoubtedly permeated society to a sufficient extent to make the work of government—which mainly consists in ordering people to do certain things, and punishing them for not doing them—increasingly difficult. Indeed, we do not think we exaggerate when we say that the most marked characteristic of all democratic societies in our time is impatience of control, on the part of citizens, wives, children, apprentices, and pupils and soldiers. This, as we have said, may or may not be a good thing. It may be leading us on, as some people think, to a period of noble self-rule, or it may be leading us on, as others think, to truly destructive anarchy; but that it is one of the great facts of the day nobody will deny.

On the other hand, side by side with this phenomenon, and apparently an invariable accompaniment of it, is a longing for more government. The state is called on by some to suckle, clothe, educate, board, and find work for every man, woman, and child within its limits; by others, to abolish usury, provide capital and profits for all, prevent poverty, and in fact save everybody from the now ordinary consequences of his own mistakes and ignorance and want of capacity. The French Communists of course represent the extreme of this tendency, but it is found in greater or less strength in the teachings of nearly all our own philanthropists and humanitarians. But this tremendous extension of the functions of the state means the indefinite extension of the very things which advanced radicals most hate. It means more power for the government; enormous multiplication of functionaries; infinite complication of administrative machinery; increased opportunities for cheating and stealing on the part of officials; increase of inspection and surveillance and responsibility; increase of authority and of obedience—the conversion of society, in short, into a camp, governed by innumerable rules and regulations, guarded by a swarm of sentinels, with passive, unreasoning obedience the sole guarantee against worse anarchy than that of a routed army. That any kind of radical, whether philosophical, historical, or social, has in his mind any plan for the reconciliation of these conflicting tendencies, we do not believe. Indeed, we doubt whether many of them have even thought the matter over seriously. Each sect is so absorbed in upsetting the existing order of things, that it does not occur to it that in so doing it is destroying the very foundations on which any other order of things must rest. If we preach lawlessness, we must be prepared to find our law treated with as much contempt as other people's. In other words, the very spirit, whatever it be, which is making workingmen hostile to their employers, would render them hostile to any officer deputed by Government to offer them state protection. And yet under all this there lies a really healthy desire to have the state render more services in return for taxation than it now renders. Everybody sees that this is possible. We might have better justice, better police, safer transit, better schools, more openings for labor, more means of healthful recreation, better safeguards against disease, for our money than we now have, if the state were better organized. With all demands of this kind every lover of his kind must sympathize heartily. But this means more administration, and more administration we cannot and ought not to have without improvement in

the Administration, in its personnel, its processes, its pay, its rewards—without, in other words, a great reform in the civil service. Reform in the civil service must, however, be based on popular appreciation of the value of discipline, popular remembrance of the weakness of human nature, popular respect for law, and popular desire for excellence—that is, popular love of seeing things well done, whether legislating, judging, soldiering, letter-carrying, or street-sweeping. Love of perfection, in short, of seeing men thoroughly perform what they undertake to perform, is what now needs preaching more than anything else. It is the absence of it which is working most of our evils, and which makes nearly all radical schemes for the regeneration of society seem impracticable.

#### THE ENGLISH LECTURERS.

MR. YATES.

THE audience which gathered at Steinway Hall on Monday evening of last week to listen to Mr. Yates's first series of lectures on "Princes of the Pen" found suggestive signs of preparation in the arrangement of stage and accessories. A large and very well drawn cartoon in colors, representing Mr. Dickens's house and garden at Gadshill, leaned against a stand on one side of the lecture-desk, flanked by a similar drawing on the other side, directly copied from the well-known plate, "The Empty Chair"; while still a third drawing, presumably a portrait, leaned against the wall, with its back to the audience, ready for exhibition in due time. The personal appearance of the lecturer, too, was well calculated to confirm the pleasant impression of his apparatus. Mr. Yates, as many of our readers have probably had occasion to know, is of rather noticeably tall, muscular, and commanding figure, his features have a certain masculine strength and freshness, and his voice is one to drive an orator, actor, or platform reader mad with envy—a simply magnificent organ, full, rich, mellow, and strong. The lecturer's manner, too, is singularly quiet, dignified, and easy, and his pronunciation shows none of the exaggerated Anglicism which so impairs the elocution of his countryman, Mr. Froude. Though his delivery is not free here and there from a slight conventionality, as of a man who reads, not speaks, it is impressive, deliberate, and singularly distinct. In short, Mr. Yates, as far as manner and method go, is particularly pleasant to listen to, and the physical appliances of his oratory are amply fitted to supplement and emphasize any good quality in its matter.

It is easy enough to assent to the principle with which Mr. Yates prefaces his lectures, that a judicious Boswellism is a main desideratum in a biographical sketch or description. Discretion will dictate a certain mental reserve even here; and a finer taste will doubt whether we really know a great man better, after all, in the petty and superficial detail of his daily existence, than in the grander and more fundamental traits of soul and imagination, of action or achievement, which all the world may read. If the hero is never a hero to his *valet de chambre*, it is because the valet, from the very necessities of the situation, must deal exclusively with the unheroic and unessential traits of his master's character. Goethe was probably not more really Goethe when powdering and dressing for a Weimar court ball, than when pondering over the Theory of Colors, or rapt in the composition of Faust or Egmont. There is nothing so very characteristic, after all, in the curls of Voltaire's wig or the cut of General Washington's buff waistcoat, and it is questionable whether posterity has not a right to enjoy its more ideal image of a great man—the assemblage of lofty characteristics by which alone he has influenced his age—undisturbed by the delineation of the commonplace or material features in which he is naturally just like every one about him.

Still, the curiosity incident to human nature, to gain something like a visible and tangible impression of the world's notable men and women—especially those who, by their actions and writings, have come closely home to our sympathies—is natural and innocent enough, and we may afford to praise the well-meaning portrait-painter who gives us Aristides or Napoleon in dressing-gown and slippers, so the portrait be truthful, consistent, and, above all, vivid. But here the would-be Boswell has a difficult problem. If he have the space of three bulky volumes in which to develop his theme, he may afford to be discursive, minute, trivial, inconsequent, to repeat and dilute, to gossip and prose, even—to transfer us as nearly as possible to the scene and surroundings from which he took his own impressions. In the brief period of a platform-hour, his finished art must atone for hurry, limitation, and incompleteness, his hasty sketch must be informed with the power of a penetrative imagination and an instructive selection. Each rapid stroke must be as bold and free, yet as suggestive and characteristic, as a dash from



the graver of Dürer or Gavarri; no dot or line must be weak or wasted, for all his picture has room for will not more than make up the complex but consistent impression we demand.

Along with the lecture proper, therefore, with its clear enunciation of principle and logical cogency of enforcement, the platform *causerie*, as one might call it—the pleasant hour or two of pleasant chat and anecdote, of gossip and reminiscence—has taken important place of late years in the annals of the lecture stage. Such lectures deal evidently but little with ready-made thought or well-developed doctrine; they aim to supply the material of such thought, and the illustrations of doctrines already held or yet to be determined. They take the place exactly of the pictures in a volume of history, travel, and biography, and, by their aptness, impressiveness, and judicious selection, should furnish us the mental atmosphere and induce the proper mood for the better reception of graver facts to be gathered from other sources. In doing this work for the life and character of his friend Charles Dickens, Mr. Yates had a task the more difficult that he was treating a theme on which the American public has already considerable and minute information, yet is insatiably eager for more. The lecturer will probably seem to well-informed hearers to have somewhat underrated the actual state of our knowledge on his subject, and, along with much which was not only pertinent and suggestive, but fresh, to have given us much which could hardly claim the merit of novelty. Even in face, too, of the difficulty of cramming into a short evening's talk enough material to produce on the minds of the auditory a clear and unitary impression of Dickens's personality, we could have wished in the lecture a little more of that constructive imagination which should pervade the enunciation of detail or incident, and blend them to a picture. The materials of Mr. Yates's mosaic were not ill-chosen, but perhaps it may not be hypercritical to think that they might have been better put together. On one point of special criticism we venture with some diffidence, but the matter may fairly claim a word of notice. Indisputably, the one point on which the American public would most eagerly demand information, if they might honorably and discreetly do so, is that of Dickens's domestic relations. It is not, nor ever can be, a matter of indifference to them that the man who, through his writings, has been their fireside friend, the prophet of all tender and earnest feeling, of all sweet and gentle domestic ties, should stand in history accused of just the opposite traits in his own life—of coldness, fickleness, or injustice. If Mr. Yates could have aided to remove this suspicion, his audience would have owed him a gratitude such as hardly any other merit of his lecture could have earned. It is to be regretted that either his sensitiveness in touching on such matters of delicacy, or—must we think?—his lack of confidence in the merits of the case, should have caused his few remarks to appear like what a lawyer would call confession and avoidance, and left the sad impression of contemporary gossip or tradition only deeper than before. But with all deductions for the shortcomings we have hinted at, Mr. Yates's remarks were a welcome contribution to the treatment of a deeply interesting theme, and those who listened to him last week will feel a pleasant curiosity to hear what he has to say about such men as Thackeray and others, concerning whom, though our interest is hardly less, our personal knowledge is notably less minute and real.

#### ENGLAND.—WORKING OF THE NEW EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM IN LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 18, 1872.

TWO years ago we were all rejoicing over what we rather presumptuously called the settlement of the National Education question. Although the scheme then carried through Parliament was avowedly a compromise, it was considered to be one which would be supported by an overwhelming majority. Setting aside the few bigots who insisted upon secular education pure and simple, and the few bigots who would have none but an exclusively clerical scheme of education, it was hoped that we should all agree to work the machinery as energetically as possible, and then all kinds of desirable results would follow. All the neglected population of our streets would be forced into familiarity with the three Rs. England would, like Prussia, be thoroughly drilled into education. The schools provided by the official boards and the schools provided by the various denominations would co-operate harmoniously, and there would be at worst a sufficient degree of emulation to stimulate all persons concerned to the fullest exertion of their energy. These rosy expectations, like most others of the kind, have been doomed to disappointment. If not altogether abandoned, we are compelled to admit that the day of realization is further off than we had originally supposed, and that, in short, we had immensely underrated the extraordinary difficulty of the task which lies before us.

Thus, for example, in London a controversy has recently arisen which strikingly illustrates the various perplexities which are not yet cleared up. In the early days of enthusiasm, men of unusual distinction allowed themselves to be nominated for the board. Lord Lawrence and Prof. Huxley—to mention no others—were amongst the first members, though both of them have since been compelled to retire from ill health. The debates of the board were anxiously watched, and it was hoped that we should speedily witness unmistakable results of their labors. The debates, however, prolonged themselves after the fashion of most parliamentary performances, and a certain degree of impatience began to be manifested. Most people became rather tired of watching the course of affairs, and we had sunk into comparative indifference, when, at last, the board, having made elaborate preparations for its campaign against ignorance, began decidedly to take the field. New schools are being built; some have actually come into operation; and an attempt has been made to put in force the provisions for compulsory education. A certain number of previously neglected children have been forced into the schools. Straightway there arises a sudden shock of indignation, showing that jealousies which were supposed to be extinct are still in full force, and that the whole battle, which occupied Parliament for a session, is to be fought over again in the petty parliament of the school-boards; and that questions which Parliament evaded by committing their decision to the local bodies, are now pressing for a solution. The immediate cause of the explosion occurred at certain schools in the North of London. The visitors appointed by the board had succeeded in sending to a school already established some thirty children, who had hitherto been completely neglected. Well, one might have thought, here was a cause for rejoicing. The school would certainly welcome these little outcasts, at any rate, if their fees could be paid by the school-board. On the contrary, the children were summarily dismissed, and the managers of the school were indignant at the burden thrust upon them. Their reason was that these unfortunates belonged to the class variously designated as "waifs and strays," "street Arabs," or "gutter-children." They were poor little hangers-on upon the lowest fringe of society, who had learnt the worst of language if they had learnt nothing else, whose clothing was not even decent, and who were suspected of bringing with them physical as well as moral contagion. They were therefore received much as a sweep would be received in a first-class railway carriage. If you force these children to school, it was urged, you ought to provide a separate place for them. There are lines of demarcation amongst the London poor just as deep and wide as those which separate the aristocracy and the middle-classes. The child of the decently-clad artisan altogether refuses to be mixed up with the child of the poor beggar or crossing-sweeper. The spirit of caste, in short, raises difficulties as great as those raised by the spirit of religious bigotry.

But other complications speedily arose. The school-board naturally does not wish to open the doors of the new schools to this social refuse. It desires to make its own education a model; if its system is to be weighted by having all the refuse, a slur will be thrown upon it, and it will not be able to compete on equal terms with the denominational schools. There is nothing, it may be, which the denominational schools would like better. If the schools founded by the board are left empty, the advocates of the old system declare them to be useless; if they are filled, the same persons maintain that they are filled by draining the old schools, and that no real addition is made to the educational resources of the country. The representatives of the denominational party on the board are strongly inclined to hamper its efforts in every way that occurs, in order to prevent its competing effectually with the schools now established. The clergy, indeed, all over the country look askance upon school-boards generally, and are only too ready to denounce them as useless and expensive incumbrances. Meanwhile, if the board tries to set up an inferior class of schools for the poorest children, in order to draft them off from the better schools, it meets with a new set of difficulties. In the first place, there is the obvious difficulty of enforcing a system to which Englishmen are so little accustomed, and especially of enforcing it in the case of children whose earnings form a considerable part of the resources of the family. If a boy picks up a few pence a day by selling newspapers or matches, and you force him into school, it may be that his family will not be able to support him. And thus arise all kinds of delicate questions, which the board is scarcely able to answer. They have no sufficient machinery for deciding upon the degree of poverty of the parents and of knowing whether or not they can afford to pay school-fee, or afford even to be deprived of the services of their children. And here again comes in a conflict of authority with the system of poor-law relief. The workhouses have already large schools, at which the children of paupers are educated. Should the guardians or the school-board deal with the lowest class of children, or how should the limits of their duties be defined?

These difficulties are suggestive enough of the complexity of the problem.

There is no reason to suppose them insuperable, or even to suppose that they are not in the way of being overcome. But it is clear that the school-board has to organize a system of compulsion for which our habits have not in the smallest degree prepared us, and that in so doing they have to encounter not only the prejudices of the parents but the jealousies of numerous religious bodies already in possession of the ground, and ready to contest every inch of the way; and, moreover, to solve a variety of intricate social and economical problems. Meanwhile, public interest in the matter has rather flagged; people are unreasonably disappointed because their unreasonable anticipations were not fulfilled; and there are plenty of parish politicians who are only too ready to get up an agitation against any system which involves a pressure upon the rates. There are loud assertions that the whole thing is a failure, and suggestions that our old comfortable way of letting things alone had its advantages. How far greater results might have been fairly anticipated is a question which I am not qualified to answer; perhaps no one could. It was certainly natural enough to expect some more tangible fruits of two years' legislation; but, on the other hand, the outcry seems to prove that the board is really getting to work at last; and the complaints themselves demonstrate, if there were any necessity for such demonstration, that they have an ample field for labor. This vast disorganized mass of houses presents, of course, the most aggravated case; and it is here more than anywhere that social difficulties have outrun all attempts to grapple with them. It must be a work of many years to bring anything like order out of such a huge fragment of chaos. In other towns the work is apparently further advanced; and we may hope that more real impression is being produced on the appalling masses of ignorance and poverty. Meanwhile, the process must be slow, and moreover a good deal of heat will be generated while it lasts.

One question which seems pretty certain to arise in the next session will probably illustrate the intensity of the religious animosities which at present exhaust themselves chiefly in school-board questions. Mr. Gladstone can hardly avoid longer proposing some settlement of the Irish University question. It is idle to speculate on the nature of the solution which he will propose. He is watched by several parties, whose antipathies are so marked that it will indeed be a feat of statesmanship if he succeeds in removing them all. The Roman Catholics, who insist upon the endowment of their university; the Protestants, who will be scandalized by any kind of concession to Catholicism; the Radicals, who object to any encouragement to the denominational system, whether Catholics or Protestants are to reap the benefit, have the materials for a very pretty triangular duel; and when we consider that the question has to be fought out upon an Irish topic, and is therefore in no danger of being treated with coldness, or confined within strictly logical limits, we may anticipate a lively session. The leaders of both parties have complicated matters by flirtations with the Irish bishops and their opponents which will give ample opportunity for personal recrimination. It is not beyond the bounds of probability that this may be the shoal on which Mr. Gladstone's government will be finally wrecked, in spite of the skill with which he has hitherto frustrated the predictions of his opponents. Such speculations, however, are as yet premature; for we have been treated to no foreshadowings of policy from which the keenest of political prophets could infer the future.

#### SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, October 14.

THE difficult question which is to form the principal topic of discussion during the coming parliamentary session is now engrossing public attention in Italy to a high degree, long ere the project of the bill can be even known, nay, completely worked out in the ministerial councils. The promised "Law on the religious corporations of Rome" is indeed designed to be the finishing stroke of that legislation which has taken upon itself to regulate the relations between church and state on an entirely new principle, and to carry out definitively the famous maxim of the *chiesa libera nello stato libero* (free church in a free state), of which the type is to be found in your great North American Republic. Three important and comprehensive laws were successively voted in 1866, 1867, and 1871, with a view to attaining this desirable end; the project of a fourth is already known and tolerably certain of being accepted by Parliament; the fifth and most delicate, from a general and political point of view, is precisely the one I allude to above, and upon which public opinion, press, Parliament, and even the Ministry itself, seem to be extremely divided in opinion. There is the Clerical party, which of course finds everything *au mieux dans la meilleure des Romes possibles*, and would fain save from the rising deluge that Mount Ararat on which they have collected together with the remnants of their treasures.

There is the Radical party, ever ready to make *tabula rasa*, and to proceed in an old Catholic country—nay, the centre of Catholicism, where for centuries prejudices, interests, customs, narrowly connected with the ruling church, have been accumulating—in the same way as Washington's contemporaries did on a new continent, with a Protestant church divided into ever so many sects, and entirely independent of the state. Between these two extremes are the hundred shades of opinion of all such as, while ready to give to God what is God's, and to Caesar what is Caesar's, are anxious to enjoy all the benefits of modern legislation, and desirous at the same time of remaining good Catholics, and to draw the patient's tooth in as painless a manner as possible; who are disposed to treat ancient and respectable interests with gentle consideration, and show deference to powerful foreign friends, yet would not be loth to redress flagrant abuses and assert the national independence.

These different currents are clearly to be seen in the successive laws I have mentioned which attempted to regulate this delicate and difficult question. The bill of 1866 simply did away with all those religious orders and corporations in the kingdom which were not of public utility, pensioned off the monks and nuns belonging to them, and put up their property at public auction. The law of 1867 conferred upon the state the right of likewise suppressing convents and pious foundations of public utility—such as the orders for the instruction of children, attendance on the poor or sick, etc.; and, in any case, of converting their property into Italian funds. The famous "Law of the Guarantees," the debates over which occupied the whole session of 1870-71, regulated the mutual position of church and state; confirmed the abrogation of all the concordats which had been formerly concluded by the different Italian states with the Holy See and were subsequently provisionally replaced by the Piedmontese law at the moment of annexation; repealed the Piedmontese legislation by abolishing the royal *placet* and *exequatur* for curates and bishops, who were henceforward to be appointed by the Pope alone; granted to the Holy Father a civil list, free residence, free communication, the right of receiving diplomatic representatives from foreign powers, etc., etc.—all rights of which, excepting that of the civil list, Pio Nono has made an implicit use, although he persists in protesting against and refusing to recognize the very law which confers them upon him. The fourth bill, an appendix (or *novella*) to the great law of the guarantees, regulates the administration of the *asse ecclesiastico*, or property of the churches and parishes, out of the revenues of which these churches are kept and restored and the priests draw their salary—for the *budget des cultes*, in the French sense of the word, i.e., the payment of the priests by the state, never existed in any of the former Italian states. This bill, which confides the management of such property to local committees, composed partly of ecclesiastical dignitaries of the diocese or parish, partly of lay vestries, elected directly by the faithful, or indirectly by the provincial and municipal councils,—this bill, as I have already said, is sure of being accepted by Parliament, having originally emanated from the Right, which proposed it two years ago in the shape of an amendment to the great law, and being now presented by a Ministry which belongs to the Centre, so that it may reckon upon the support of at least four-fifths of the House. Not so, however, with the important law on the religious corporations in Rome.

The address from the throne, for which the present Ministry is answerable, promised last year that a law should be brought in "extending the law of 1866 to Rome, and divesting the Roman religious corporations of the character of moral or juridical persons, at the same time leaving the *sostanza ecclesiastica*—a very elastic term—of the city of Rome to the Romish Church. To the Keeper of the Great Seal, as Minister of Public Worship, Signor De Falco, a learned and intelligent Neapolitan juriconsult, was entrusted the drawing up of this new law, which was to conciliate the interests of the state with those of the church, and to satisfy the Italian Liberals, the Catholics, and the foreign powers—a task not easy to be achieved. It can hardly be wondered at if Signor De Falco's remarkable scientific treatment of the question contented neither party and was abandoned after some laborious sittings of the Cabinet, whereupon the new Minister of Public Instruction, the well-known economist Scialoja, was commissioned to work out a new project, which, it is said, was finished a few days ago, and also failed in meeting with the approval of all the members of Government. Signor Visconti-Venosta, as usual timid, cautious, and somewhat too fully conscious of his country's weakness, wishes to spare the "legitimate susceptibilities" of the great powers, by which France, of course, is meant, to speak plain English. Signor Sella, the Minister of Finance and the (tacitly if not publicly and officially) recognized head of the Cabinet, is anxious to fill the treasury as well as to satisfy the advanced Liberals, whose opinions on religious matters he shares at bottom. Signor Lanza, the nominal President, wavers between both views of the case without daring to adopt either resolutely. Meanwhile public opinion is growing more and more excited; the



bare thought of French "admonitions" is regarded as a disguised intervention and continuance of the Emperor's Roman policy, and this is quite sufficient to drive many moderate folks to extremes in a radical sense. Even the words pronounced by Count Andrassy respecting the *case generalizie*, or central direction of the monastic orders, were resented and taken amiss by the irritable susceptibility of Italian patriots. It will be difficult, however, not to make certain exceptions in favor of these establishments, although no foreign power can have any formal or legal right of interfering in their behalf. Each monastic order has in Rome its General, who is the means of communication between the head of the Church and the different convents, and it is impossible to imagine the Roman Church without such an institution; but, on the other hand, neither the Augustines, nor the Benedictines, nor the Dominicans are exclusively French or Austrian, nor is it clear that these states should have any special right to protect them, unless the edifice, indeed, in which they reside belongs as property to one of these states, in which case it would certainly be respected. It is probable that if all parties knew the real state of affairs with regard to the monastic property, radical measures would be less eagerly urged upon the Government. The sale of church property has not brought in, throughout Italy, what sanguine financiers expected it would; in Rome things will be still less favorable for the finances of the kingdom. The prudent monks and nuns, seeing the storm rising, have taken steps beforehand to meet it with as little damage to themselves as possible: *i.e.*, they have augmented their *passiva* as much as they could, whilst they have diminished the *activa* in every possible way. They have contracted large debts; they have simulated sales of property as having taken place before 1870, and, by this means, pocketed the unseizable liquid, money, whilst the land is in the hands of friends; they have admitted a great number of new brothers and sisters, so that the Italian Government will find itself liable to a large amount in pensions, whilst it will only receive scanty property in return. Nay, it has itself sometimes innocently contributed to buying about this state of things by buying up at an enormous price certain monasteries which were needed for public service, and giving the monks the opportunity of hiding their thus converted riches away from it.

The consequence of all this will most likely be a bill which simply extends the laws of 1866 and 1867 to Rome; does away with all the corporations, converts into Italian funds all their property—by which measure the Government will be exempt from paying any pension; and finally allows them all—*cas generalizie*, "useful" or useless convents—to be revived, not as juridical persons, but as "free associations," the members of which may again acquire property and restore the old state of things in an underhand way, as they have done everywhere in France and Italy. As to the *asse ecclesiastico*, which is legally the property of the city of Rome, it will most likely be handed over to the projected committees of laymen and priests I have alluded to above. It is a delusion to believe that, with the state of mind now prevalent in Italy, any further concession can be thought of. The separation of the church from the state would be complete, and it would remain to be seen whether this principle, applied to the very cradle and centre of Catholicism, has any life in it; whether sooner or later it will bring about that most desired and most desirable boon, religious peace; or whether, the struggle assuming another form, the interests of modern society will finally succumb to those of the church, or *vice versa*.

## Correspondence.

### THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MEDAL.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There must surely be some mistake in the following paragraph on page 267 of the last number of the *Nation* (No. 332, October 24, 1872), in which it is stated that:

"In France, Veuillot's *Univers* foolishly called in question the authenticity of the medal struck by Gregory XIII. in honor of the massacre, bearing his bust on one side, and on the other an exterminating angel, with the legend, *Ugonotorum strages*, 1572."

M. Louis Veuillot, in a leader written by himself, and which appeared in the *Univers* of August 30 last, admits with entire candor not only the existence of the medal, but also of paintings commemorative of the event. His words are as follows:

"Mais la médaille commémorative et les peintures approbatives exécutées à Rome? La médaille existe, et les peintures aussi. Je viens de lire la de-

scription de la médaille dans les *Numismata pontificum romanorum*, t. i., Rome, 1639. C'est une très-belle pièce, qui représente non pas la Religion, mais l'Ange exterminateur tenant d'une main la croix, de l'autre un glaive de flammes dont il atteint les rebelles qui fuient, *Ugonotorum strages*. Quant aux peintures, je les ai vues maintes fois dans le Vatican. Elles attestent le sentiment de joie avec lequel tout le parti conservateur européen accueillit la nouvelle de cette exécution, qui ne fut pas tout de suite connue comme un guet-apens, et qui parut simplement un acte de justice et une victoire du bon parti. Ce serait la même chose si tout à coup l'on apprenait que l'Internationale a livré une bataille et qu'elle l'a perdue, ou qu'un prince s'est trouvé assez résolu et assez fort pour saisir tous les chefs de cette bande, les livrer aux juges et exécuter la sentence. C'est ce sentiment qui a toujours éclaté après les fausses victoires de l'ordre et qui, depuis le 18 brumaire, a fait chez nous le succès de tous les gouvernements. Louis-Philippe a vécu des journées de juin, Napoléon de la journée du 4 décembre, et M. Thiers trône à Trouville dans les flots de la mer et dans les flots de l'emprunt à cause de sa victoire de Paris."

I trust, Mr. Editor, you will do M. Veuillot the justice to publish this correction.

L. B. B.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31, 1872.

[Our correspondent will observe that it was not the existence, but the *authenticity* of the medal which the *Univers* was said to have denied. We had not seen that paper when our paragraph was written, but M. Henri Bordier's statement in regard to it was as follows:

"Comme divers journaux français, détestant cette boucherie française d'août et septembre 1572, rappelaient que le pape avait fait frapper une médaille pour célébrer, au contraire, sa joie du massacre, l'*Univers* répondit que cette médaille, empruntée par ses confrères à l'*Histoire de France* de Bordier et Charton, n'avait guère d'autorité, puisqu'elle provenait de deux compères."

Whether the passage quoted by our correspondent preceded or followed this allegation that a couple of Protestant confederates (*compères*) were the only authority for the medal of Gregory XIII., we have no means of knowing.—ED. NATION.]

### THE HORSE QUESTION AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on "The Position of the Horse in Modern Society" delighted every lover of the "noble animal"; it ought to delight every person who claims the possession of common sense and humanity. The modern horse is a highly civilized creature, leading a very artificial life. Probably he is in some respects more *artificialized*, that is, diverted from his natural state, than his owner; and certainly civilization tells more against him in one respect: *he cannot take care of himself*. Power of speech he has not, and his power of action is very limited. He may push open a sliding window with his nose, or even break a pane of glass to get fresh air (I have seen horses who were wiser than their keepers do these things); but he cannot clean himself or his stable; he cannot put on or take off his clothing.

And here comes in the great obstacle to improvement, a difficulty which you have not noticed, and which is not, like the want of space attendant on dear land, confined to our cities. It is the *dearness of labor*. Perhaps the majority of your readers are not aware of the amount of labor required to keep private horses and their equipments in good order according to the European standard. In the city there should be one man for every two horses. In the country, where there is less night work, one man can take care (and only *just* take care properly) of three. Few of our "town swells" observe this rule. I knew a man who literally counted his fortune by millions; he and his family were fond (in a way) of horses, and he kept twelve, which two men were supposed to take care of. An extreme case this, to be sure, but the full complement of men is rare in a city stable, and Mr. Bergh's strictures on the "laziness" of grooms are not, as a general rule, founded on fact.

In the country we usually find three or more horses entrusted to a fraction of a man, the other fraction of said man being employed in other work. With the exception of some large stud-farms, like those of Mr. Mali and Mr. Winthrop, I do not remember ever having gone into a country neighbor's stable (or *barn*, in the Massachusetts dialect) that I did not find the floor soaking in liquid manure, and solid ditto lying in the stalls and the horses treading in it. Every one of these houses was presided over by a neat New England woman, with the eye of a hawk for a speck of dirt or dust, a woman who, if transported to some Southern or Western town, would set all the available "help" of the locality to scrubbing floors and washing windows till the aborigines thought she must have cold water on the brain, as many male New Englanders have in another way. Yet probably not one of

these ladies would ever think of visiting her "barn," nor do I see what good she could do if she did visit it, unless she took hold of shovel and fork herself, seeing that the *quasi* coachman would probably be off at gardening or farming or doing some other "chore."

If this is the usual state of a private stable, what must a public stable be! The horses are harnessed and unharnessed, fed (after a fashion), and left to rot. That is the plain English of it; and our wonder ought to be, not that a horse epidemic or plague has broken out now, but that it did not break out long ago.

Many of our tamperings with health, comfort, and safety may be traced directly to the same cause. A man occupying a "brown-stone front," with \$12,000 worth of furniture in it, will tell you that he "cannot afford" to burn wood in his office, or "soft" coal in his parlor. The tariff is not entirely to blame here; it is not the difference in the cost of the fuel that he fears; what appalls him is the prospect of an additional servant. For the wood and bituminous coal fires require a quarter of a servant to look after them, and as servants cannot be hired in fractions, if you need an extra quarter, you must take an extra whole. Thus also we have gas all over the house in all manner of dangerous places, and water-pipes all over the house in all manner of frost-infested and plumber-provoking spots, and stoves that spoil our provender under pretence of cooking it. Railroad accidents happen because a company cannot (or thinks it cannot) maintain an adequate staff of employees; and so on to the end of the chapter.

November 1, 1872.

CARL BENSON.

#### TRADES-UNIONS IN NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the argument of a cause in the Supreme Court, before Judge Ingraham, yesterday, the by-laws of the New York Benevolent Society of Co-operative Masons were read and commented on. I annex a copy of some of them.

It was shown in that case that most of the masons in this city belong to this Society, and that it is practically impossible for a mason to get work here unless he is a member of it. The application was for a mandamus to compel the Society to reinstate a member whom they had expelled. The relator showed that after he had committed the offence of taking a sub-contract, the Society committee went to all his workmen, and persuaded them to quit the job, and work for him no longer.

It is a good illustration of the workings of these powerful societies, and deserves the consideration of every thoughtful man.

LEX.

NEW YORK, November 2, 1872.

#### ARTICLE XXVI.

§ 1. Eight hours shall constitute a day's work; on Saturday, leaving off at four o'clock P.M.; and one hour for dinner. This shall not be violated by any member, under a penalty of five dollars for each offence.

§ 4. The members of this Society shall not work with non-members where they have a majority; but every conciliatory effort shall be made to induce non-members to join the Society, before resorting to a strike.

§ 5. Any member of this Society who shall work for less wages than the Society may from time to time determine, or work more hours than this Society shall deem proper for a day's work, shall pay a fine of thirty dollars.

#### ARTICLE XXVII.

§ 1. The members of this Society shall not lump nor take sub-contracts, nor shall they work on sub-contracts for any party, under a penalty of fifty dollars for each offence.

#### ARTICLE XXVIII.

§ 1. The members of this Society shall not, on any account whatsoever, suffer a brother member to be discharged or otherwise injured, while acting with their consent, in a peaceable and discreet manner, for carrying out any of the rules of this Society; nor shall any member work for the foreman or boss who discharges a brother member for so acting, until the grievance is redressed.

### Notes.

THE editor of *O Novo Mundo*, of this city, announces that he will publish in the course of the following year a couple of translations by Captain Richard F. Burton from the works of Brazilian authors, namely: "Manuel de Moraes," by Sr. Pereira da Silva; and "Iracema," by Sr. J. de Alencar. —We have received from the Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Mass., Part I. of "The Birds of Florida," containing original descriptions of upwards of 250 species, with notes upon their habits, etc., by C. J. Maynard. Its thirty-two pages embrace the following families: Turdidæ, Saxicolidæ, Sylviidæ, and Paridæ—thrushes, bluebirds, warblers, titmice, etc. A scientific description precedes a familiar and thoroughly popular account of each bird's

peculiarities, modes of nest-building, seasons of appearance and migration, and song; and the author's observations in New England are made quite as prominent as those in Florida, for which reason the catalogue may be recommended indifferently to the residents of either section. The form of the work is quarto, and the printing has the usual excellence of the Salem press. One of five plates, drawn and colored from nature by Helen S. Farley, accompanies the part before us.—A work on "Proportional Representation of Successive Majorities in Federal, State, Municipal, Corporate, and Primary Elections by the Free Vote," by Hon. Charles R. Buckalew, will be shortly published by John Campbell & Son, Philadelphia.—Harper & Bros. announce "Journalism in the United States from 1690 to 1872," by Frederick Hudson.

—We inadvertently stated last week that Prof. Tyndall was the author of the original article in the *Contemporary Review* which opened up the "prayer-gauge" controversy. He did, indeed, transmit it to the *Review*; but it was from the pen of another writer.

—Some eight years ago, Mr. John Gilmory Shea of this city, widely known among scholars for his valuable and conscientious labors in the field of American history, commenced the publication of a translation of Charlevoix's "History of New France." This translation he accompanied with critical and explanatory notes, which shed a flood of light on the text. Entirely at home in this field of research, Mr. Shea fully doubled the value of Charlevoix's already admirable work by comments and explanations in which he points out the sources of his author's statements, presents many facts unknown in Charlevoix's day, and cites numerous documents unearthed by modern research which happily elucidate much that would otherwise have remained obscure. Mr. Shea's careful translation is not a small part of his labor, and his disinterested zeal and scholarly devotion to his themes have here produced volumes which fill a gap in our historical literature. But the translator's devotion as a scholar is almost surpassed by his courage as the publisher of his work, which he has carried through the press almost unaided, the subscription list never having reached a point sufficient to meet the actual cost of manufacturing the volumes. The work referred to is among the handsomest ever produced by the American press, the sixth and last volume, just issued, being illustrated like all the others with fine steel engraved portraits, valuable facsimile maps, autographs, etc. We give this information for the benefit of historical societies and students of American history, none of whose libraries should be without the only work which in point of fact supplies the early annals of some sixteen States of our Union.

—A bronze statue of Sir Walter Scott, copied from that surmounting the Monument at Edinburgh, was erected in the Central Park on Saturday last, beside the Mall, and a few yards from that of Shakespeare. The funds were raised by the Scotchmen of this city, and one of their number, Mr. Wood, presented it, in a brief speech, to the Park Commissioners, Mr. Andrew H. Green receiving it, and Mr. Bryant closing the proceedings with an address. There was a large body of spectators present, the Scotch element predominating, and a company of the 79th Highlanders furnished a guard of honor, and five pipers marched round the monument furnishing a pibroch. There was nothing new to be said about Scott, and nothing new was attempted. The scene itself was one of the greatest tributes that could be paid to the memory of a great man. The spectacle of Lowland Scotchmen—that is, of Anglo-Saxon Presbyterians—clad in Highland kilts and tartan, is to the historical observer one of the strangest spectacles to be seen anywhere, and it is all or nearly all Scott's doing. It is true that Lowland Scotchmen have glorified the kilt and tartan on many famous fields, but it was Scott who made them proud to wear them as a national costume. It is in reality the most Celtic of costumes; it was "the garb of old Gaul" 2,000 years ago, and, down to the close of the last century, it was in the eyes of Scotchmen the dress of blackguard cow thieves and horse thieves, and the sight of a pair of bare legs sticking out of a petticoat made elders swear. The great "Wizard of the North," however, took it, waved his wand over it, and ever since the Johnsons, and Thompsons, and Robinsons are as eager to wear it, as the Campbells or McIvors, and have made it thoroughly respectable, though it must be admitted their knees look a little too white in it.

—A writer in the *Harvard Advocate* enters a forcible protest against falling in with the custom which prevails in some other colleges of employing a professional trainer for the college crew. He denies that this is necessary to maintain Harvard's lead at the oar, and shows that she has won nine out of thirteen races, in each instance distancing a crew under professional care. "In 1871, she was second of three boats, and the third had been under the care of a professional. In 1872, she was second of six; and, of the four who were behind her, two were under the care of very famous professionals, one of them from the crew which beat at the Paris Exposition, and the other



from the present champions of the world." The writer offers other objections, based on the low character of the professional trainer, his unfitness to associate with young collegians, the temptations he is under to sell out his employers, and the great encouragement which his employment lends to the practice of betting on the intercollegiate races. There can be no doubt of the soundness of these views (though we think a crew should have criticism of some kind from outside its practice boat) nor of this other, which we hope will prevail at Harvard, as it takes away the occupation of the trainer: that the object of rowing is not to beat Brown, or Yale, or Amherst, but to learn to row thoroughly, by original application and experience—to master a science, as the writer puts it, and not to buy it ready-made. In other words, the principle which governs grown-men in the acquisition of knowledge, and which, in despite of "rank," and "marks," and "prizes," should govern the student while in college, is applicable to physical pursuits. The ambition to do good work, and the mere ambition to be "at the head," stand in the same relation to each other as the gymnast and the prize-fighter.

—Mr. Belmont has arranged for sale a selection from his picture-gallery, and the skimmings of this fine collection are found to comprise some morsels that would make the pride of a *menu* less fastidious than his. The specimen of Meissonier, for instance, is strong, terse, and solid to the extreme of that painter's bent; it shows a cavalier warming himself in an anteroom; the little touches are positive, without repentance, and, so to speak, large; one comprehends, in dwelling on this simple study of a suit of clothes and a leathery face, how Meissonier is a painter in the grand style, though restricting himself to minute focus and cabinet canvases; the brush in his fingers, broken of its vagaries, taps the picture like a punch rather than like a plume. The Gérôme is a still better example, and it is rather puzzling how Mr. Belmont could consent to part with it, as Gérôme is producing now nothing so inventive, or so beguilingly covered with the illusion of antiquity. It is the "Diogenes," the large picture, and not the little color-sketch which has been exhibited in this country; the cynic, seated in an old earthen jar, is preparing his lantern to look for a man; his procedure is watched by a crescent of dogs, lean and little-hoping brutes in full harmony with himself, who agitate their pointed snouts in a sceptical and pessimistic manner, yet a manner not devoid of appetite. The figure of Diogenes, treated in nude, is firm like a carving, and the analytical, inexorable modelling seems to pronounce the forms like some mathematical demonstration: such and such a set of muscles, cast into such action, could not possibly arrive at any other grouping or any other detail. By Merle there is the "Chrétienne," showing the action of emotional contemplation on a lymphatic and sedentary subject; she makes *étalage* of her fat wrists, curly fingers, and liquid eyes; although she is well painted and popularized by a fine engraving, she seems to suffer from that indefinable lack of moral directness which Anglo-Saxons, even while forgiving much, have never forgiven when it occurs in French interpretations of religion. The large Bouguereau, too—a mother who has lifted her baby from the cradle—has a slight lack of heart, or something in the type, which has brought it about that American connoisseurs do not get along with it, even while admitting that hardly another contemporary painter could have moulded such a mother's face or such a pretty infant. For genre painting, indeed, we find nothing more hearty and enjoyable in the collection than the home-scene by Max Michael, of Berlin, wherein a good little boy, sent up to his father with a birthday address, is stealing a glance at his manuscript, like an imperfect actor as he is, amidst the delighted merriment of the parents, and the musing contemplation, not unmixed with scorn, of his elder sister. The character here is exquisitely felt, and the technic does not seem to yield greatly in ability to the Ecouen pictures of Frère and Soyer in the next room. There is a large "history," a piece of "official" art, by Robert Fleury, a magnate so very comfortable at home in the lofty praises of the community that he can afford to lose, what certainly will be slow to reach him, the chorus of American adulation. There is a cattle-piece by Rosa Bonheur, excellent for bovine character, but flat and ineffective as a landscape; and another by Troyon, the live figures in which are of less account, while in landscape it is of masterly excellence, containing indeed a sky which blinds and extinguishes all other skies in the gallery. The pictures by Zamacois, Hamman, Jacque, and Toulmouche, are in the well-known vein of their authors; but we may spare a good word for Joseph Stevens, of Brussels, whose fame is more thoroughly obscured by the brilliant reputation of his brother Alfred than it ought to be, and whose delineation here of a tired cab-horse, catching cold in the rain, is a true and brave piece of work, commendable to all who are just now sympathizing with cases of "chevaline catarrh." The indications we have given will only suggest, and not exhaust, the riches of a choice and delicate collection; the real gems of the gallery of Mr. Belmont, it is gratifying to learn, remain in each other's company and in his own favor.

—The flood of English announcements for the fall season will hardly serve to make the present year conspicuous in literature, or so raise its average as to leave it more than mediocre when compared with some of its predecessors. Among the excerpts which we shall now proceed to make from the copious lists of the London *Publishers' Circular* and the *Bookseller*, no work perhaps is worthier to stand first than Mr. Darwin's on the "Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," which will be accompanied by photographic and other illustrations. Doubtless this will be at once one of the most popular and most striking, not to say convincing, of all his works which treat of the origin and relationships of man. Other scientific works are: "The Story of the Earth and Man, in a Series of Sketches of the Geological Periods," by J. W. Dawson, LL.D.; "Records of the Rocks," by Rev. W. S. Symonds, F.G.S., with illustrations; "Walks of a Naturalist with his Children," by Rev. W. Houghton; "The Seaweed Collector," by Shirley Hibbard, illustrated; "The Orbs around Us," by Richard A. Proctor; the late Prof. De Morgan's "Budget of Paradoxes," originally contributed to the *Athenæum*; "Change of Air and Scene, with Notes of Excursions for Health to the Pyrenees and the Watering-places of France," by Dr. Alphonse Donné; "Nursing the Sick," by Dr. Aeneas Munro; "Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body," by D. H. Tuke; and, in intimate connection with health and disease, "The Water Supply of Cities and Towns," by William Humber, and (a second edition) Samuel Hughes's "Water-works for the Supply of Cities and Towns," with a description of the principal geological formations of England as influencing supplies of water.

—Biography counts a goodly number of works, almost all of which promise to be interesting. We may begin with "The Personal Life of George Grote, the Historian," written by his widow; "Notes of Thought and Conversation," by the late Charles Buxton, M.P., with a memoir; "Memoir of the late Dean Alford," edited by his widow; "Memoir of Dr. Norman Macleod," by Alexander Strahan; "Life and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne," edited by Col. Wrottesley; "Life and Letters of Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N.," by his daughter Florence; "A Lady of the Last Century (Mrs. Elizabeth Montague)," by Dr. Doran; "Memoirs of Mrs. Lætitia Boothby," written by herself in the year 1775, and now edited by W. Clark Russell; "Personal Monographs," by Lord Houghton, accompanied by portraits; "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by A. J. C. Hare, embracing reminiscences of Coleridge, Arnold, and others; "Memoirs of Leonora Christiana, Daughter of Christian IV. of Denmark," written during her imprisonment at Copenhagen, and translated by Frances E. Bunnell; "Memoirs of Baron Stockmar," by his son; "Briefs and Papers, being Sketches of the Bar and the Press"; and "Doctors and Patients; or, Anecdotes of the Medical World, and Curiosities of Medicine," by John Timbs, F.S.A.—a work in two volumes.

—Rather less numerous are works of travel, adventure, and discovery, of which the following seem worth noting: "A Search after Sunshine; or, A Visit to Algeria in 1871," by Lady Herbert; "A Scamper to Sebastopol and Jerusalem," by James Creagh; "Our Work in Palestine," a history of researches conducted in Jerusalem and the Holy Land by Captains Wilson, Anderson, Warren, and others; "Travels in the Eastern Caucasus, the Caspian and Black Seas, and Daghestan," by Gen. Sir Arthur Cunyngbame; "Jottings during the Cruise of H.M.S. *Curaçoa* among the South Sea Islands in 1865," by Julius Brencley; "Adventures of Three Russians and Three Englishmen in South Africa," by Jules Verne; "Life and Explorations in Africa," by the Rev. C. New; "Rough Notes of a Journey through the Wilderness, from Trinidad to Pará," by H. A. Wickham; "The Mormons and the Silver Mines," by James Bonwick; and "Overland, Inland, and Upland," by a lady. In history we are promised: "Bokhara: Its History and Conquest," by Prof. Arminius Vámbéry; "History of Sicily to the Athenian War," by W. Watkiss Lloyd; "Estimate of the English Kings, from William the Conqueror to George III.," by J. Langton Safford; "St. Domingo, Past and Present, with a Glance at Hayti," by S. Hazard, with maps and woodcuts of the author's designing; "Cleveland, Ancient and Modern," by Rev. J. C. Atkinson; and "City Road Chapel, London, and its Associations," by Geo. John Stevenson, a work containing a chapter on remarkable longevity which may perhaps interest Mr. W. J. Thoms, lately editor of *Notes and Queries*, who is now engaged upon a work in which he hopes to show that no modern instance of centenarianism can be authenticated—a theory which could be easily upset from this side of the Atlantic if not from the other.

—Religious works, issued and to appear, embrace: "The Gallican Church, from the Concordat of Bologna, 1516, to the Revolution," by W. H. Jervis; "History of Christian Theology to the Apostolic Age," by Professor Reuss; "Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the end of the Council of

Trent," by John Earl Russell; "Turning-Points in Life," by the Rev. Frederick Arnold; and "The Cloud of Witnesses," a sermon preached at Dunrobin by Dr. Cumming, when, as we learn from the *Publishers' Circular*, "the Queen was graciously pleased at the close of the service to say to him: 'Dr. Cumming, I thank you for your discourse, to which I have listened with great pleasure.'"

"Sagas from the Far East, or Kalmouk and Mongolian Tales"; "Tales of the Teutonic Lands," by Geo. W. Cox; "Brides and Bridals," by J. Cordy Jeaffreson; and "Present Pastimes," by F. C. Burrend, will complete our list. The art publications, including in that term illustrated works on all sorts of subjects, are fairly numerous; but we have left ourselves no space in which to speak of them.

#### TYLER'S LIFE OF TANEY.\*

IT was the misfortune of Chief-Justice Taney to be brought by the faithful discharge of his duty into opposition to the prevailing sentiment of his countrymen at a period of intense national excitement. His unpopular performance of a high conservative function—a performance he had no right to refuse, and no opportunity to defend—incurred a tempest of aspersions which time and reflection are only beginning to dispel. His office imposed on him the burden of pronouncing the formal logical conclusions flowing from a legal system long ago outgrown by the nation. The man was made to expiate the wrongs of the system, by politicians who found their account in directing against him the generous and easily misled wrath of that part of the nation which was the first to perceive these wrongs.

Once before, in his public career, Taney had been assailed by a clamor which was, however, neither popular nor generous. The history of the United States Bank concerns a past generation; yet so long was Taney's life that this episode in it occurred in his maturer years. For he was born in colonial days, the year after the Declaration of Independence, and he was trained by the teachings of Monroe and Madison as a strict constructionist of the new Constitution; yet he continued an active though not a partisan member of the Federal party while it strove with the Republicans of that day for the political control of the new nation. As a Federalist, he opposed the war of 1812, but forgot party ties and personal views in its hearty support when once declared. For several years, both before and after the war, he pursued his profession in the busy little manufacturing city of Frederick, where his signal abilities and assiduous study soon gained him a share in all the business worth having in what was then the great western town of Maryland, and by degrees attracted to his office cases from every part of the State. Here he married Miss Key, the sister of Francis Scott Key, whose chief distinction is that of being the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." It might be curious to enquire how far the history of the brothers-in-law sustains the truth of the saying about the songs and the laws of a people. Yet this professional activity did not exclude interest in political affairs. Once during his residence at Frederick he was defeated as a candidate on the Federal ticket for the Lower House of the Maryland Legislature, and once again when named by the war-Federalists as representative in Congress. And in 1816 he became a member of the State Senate, and directed much important legislation in organizing the tribunals of Maryland. In 1823, he removed to Baltimore, where his increasing reputation and practice soon carried him to the leadership of the Maryland bar. It was while he held the office of Attorney-General for the State, and at the age of fifty-four, that the eye of President Jackson discerned in him a fit person for a place in the Cabinet, where the character of its chief and the gravity of the questions engrossing the public mind demanded strength and boldness.

Our domestic history has always moved in cycles determined by the oscillations of the respective orbits of national and State authority. The theories inspiring the rival parties that arose on the adoption of the Constitution are the theories which really divide parties to-day. In 1829, they marked out the grounds of conflict even more clearly. If the President, in his inaugural, condemned encroachments of military upon civil authority, attacked a national debt, and rebuked Federal interference with elections, on their part his opponents were loud in support of a high tariff, of national aid to internal improvements, and of a strong central moneyed power. It was in the contest with the last of these political heresies, as embodied in the United States Bank, that the aid of Taney's sagacity and courage and peculiar financial ability was sought by the President.

In spite of its suppressed precision and its subjection to judicial construction, our Constitution has always been indirectly made to serve the turn of that sort of legislation which its friends call progressive and its enemies call revolutionary, quite as effectively as though Congress had the omnipotence of Parliament. The theory of latent powers necessary to carry

out those granted has been found elastic enough to satisfy almost any party demands in time of peace, to say nothing of its enormous extensions in time of war. Compared with the present system of land grants to railways, deduced from the power of Congress to regulate commerce, and consequently internal improvements among the States, the creation of a National Bank to equalize currency seems a safe and easy conclusion from like premises. The real dangers of the later experiment are written plainly enough in the history of the earlier one, if we choose to read them. Nor will the political passion which, forty years ago, saw in the Bank a monster, and in Jackson the saviour of his country, seem at all exaggerated when the impending struggle shall begin, less than forty years hence, between governments, State and national, and great corporations. Taney, as Attorney-General, served the President and the country well in that contest, expressing his large legal experience and solid principles in forcible counsels. When the time came for striking the last blow by the removal of the Government deposits from the custody of the Bank, Taney assumed the bold task, replacing the vacillating Duane by executive nomination, as Secretary of the Treasury. While holding that office he found occasion, in his report of May, 1834, upon the finances, to vindicate his administration of it and to justify the attack upon the Bank in a manner that ensured the rejection of his nomination by an angry Senate, the month after. It was the first instance of such a refusal to confirm the President's nomination of a cabinet officer. The motives for the rejection, betrayed by the silent vote that effected it, were so persistent as to cause his defeat when nominated the following year as Justice of the Supreme Court, even though the appointment was favored by Marshall. But the abuse heaped upon him by the retainers of the Bank, both in and out of the Capitol, soon died away; and the student of history to-day accepts the judgment formed at last by the public mind, that Taney deserves praise rather than blame for his share in the contest with the United States Bank. It must be from carelessness rather than by intention that his biographer confounds the future course and regular and solvent winding-up of the National Bank, on the expiration of its charter in 1836, with the reckless and flagitious management, ending in bankruptcy five years later, of the State bank chartered under the same name by Pennsylvania.

In 1835 the highest office under the Government became vacant by the death of Chief-Justice Marshall, who had shed lustre upon it and upon American jurisprudence since the beginning of the century. Taney's appointment as his successor was confirmed on the 15th of March, 1836, after vehement opposition from the old Whig leaders, under the pretext that the place was given as a reward for political services. It was such a reward, even as Marshall had received the same reward from Adams, for services rendered not to the President or party, but to the country. It was a reward deserved by merit and fitness, honorable both to the giver and the receiver; and it will be well for the country when a return to the old-fashioned practice does away with the modern perversion of the words that describe it.

In arguments before the Supreme Court discharging its function of pronouncing on the constitutionality of Acts of Congress, there has of course always been, as in the preceding legislative discussion, a contest between theories of a strict construction of the Constitution, and the latitudinarian ingenuity which would sustain almost any law as being within the meaning of that instrument "necessary and proper for carrying into execution" the specific powers granted. Marshall, in his earlier days a rigid constructionist, had leaned in his later years towards the other view. That it was the effort of Chief-Justice Taney to bring the court back to its former strictness in dealing with such cases is evident, not only from the current of his published decisions, but also from the protesting and almost lamenting tone indulged in by Judge Story in his dissenting opinions and his correspondence. The particular instances of this tendency in Taney's mind would be interesting only to the professional reader, who will find the biographer's review of the cases in which it was manifested to be full and impartial. Between the respective rights of the States and of the Federal Government, Taney drew a firm and clear line, and on occasions of conflict resolved the questions discussed in a large untechnical manner, yet with all due regard to precedent. He carefully observed (as in the instances of the boundary dispute between Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and in the later controversy involving indirectly a decision between the regular and the revolutionary government of Rhode Island) the distinction between matters of property and political rights, refusing to stretch the jurisdiction of the court over the latter. Yet when the occasion called for statesmanlike forecast, he did not hesitate to enlarge the area of Federal legislation to the widest allowable limits, as in his liberal decision affirming the constitutionality of the act which extended admiralty jurisdiction beyond tide-waters to the great lakes and navigable rivers of the country. Unless this tempering of conservatism by impartiality, this reluctance to magnify his office, are borne in mind, an estimate cannot fairly be

\* "Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney, LL.D. By Samuel Tyler, LL.D." Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1872.



made of his conduct in the great case which brought such obloquy on his name.

Taney alone of the public men living at the outbreak of the late rebellion saw all the phases of that long quarrel which planted discord at the very birth of union. From the Massachusetts declaration of the right to secede, upon the purchase of Louisiana Territory, and the assertion by Josiah Quincy of the duty to do so, at the admission of that State eight years later, through the times of the Hartford Convention, accused by Adams of conspiring to dissolve the Union, through nullification and the compromises of 1820 and 1850, through the suspension of the right to petition and the Kansas and Nebraska Acts, down to John Brown's raid and the fall of Sumter, he knew all the elements in that widening strife, and the chief political actors on both sides who fomented it. The story of its progress is told by his biographer in the language of the South, with blame only for the North. It is not within the purpose or limits of this paper to point out his inaccuracies of statement, especially with regard to the fairness and general acceptance of the compromise of 1850. At last, after Taney had presided in the Supreme Court for twenty years, growing in the respect and confidence of the nation, the duel of the sections took the shape of a constitutional question before that tribunal, and the issue whether Congress could exclude slavery from the Territories was presented in the famous *Dred Scott* case. The decision that it could not, given by six judges out of eight, was delivered by the Chief-Justice in an elaborate opinion. It is out of place here to consider the merits of that controversy. But two points in the subsequent history of the decision, on which the biographer dwells at length, cannot be passed over if justice is to be done to the memory of Taney. In the necessary review of the condition of the African race at the time our government was formed, Taney stated as a historical fact that throughout the civilized world negroes "were regarded as so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." These are the very words of his decision, and some judgment may be formed as to the temper of the times, when it is remembered that they were seized upon by partisans, falsified into an utterance of his own present views upon the rights of the blacks, and published through the world and believed by thousands as such. A graver charge against Taney, and as false a one, was uttered on the occasion of that decision by no less a person than Mr. Seward, on the floor of the Senate—the charge of a corrupt arrangement between President Buchanan and the Judges of the Supreme Court to get up a mock trial on the *Dred Scott* case, for a political purpose. The biographer shows conclusively, by correspondence with the judges and by comparison of dates, that there neither existed nor could have been supposed to exist a shadow of truth in the story.

Such accusations, indeed, though posterity will be sure to clear him of them, Taney could not at such a crisis hope to escape. Not he, but the Constitution, was on its trial—the Constitution, declared by Marshall to be a superior, paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means. The time had come when it must be changed, because its provisions, framed in an earlier day of narrower thought and experience, had ceased to express the convictions and purposes of the people. Neither ordinary means, nor the extraordinary methods of amendment provided by the instrument itself, were available. The supreme remedy of civil war was close at hand.

It is a relief to turn from this public persecution to the private life and character of the Chief-Justice, as sketched in this volume. His simplicity and high honor impressed every one who came into relations with him. The great men who had been his political enemies in early life sought reconciliation and asked counsel of him in his later years. The few charming letters that are given bear witness to the tenderness of his affections and the gentle authority of his social influence. His religion was that quiet and constant force in life of which the Roman Catholic faith often offers such beautiful examples, and his charity in act and speech the ready expression of an honest, generous nature. As a strong, calm, and pure man, filling blamelessly the highest station in the most troubled period of the national life, Chief-Justice Taney will always remain one of the most venerable and interesting figures in the history of the country.

#### "GARETH AND LYNETTE."

SOME other and earlier poetry of Mr. Tennyson's the "dark-browed sophist" was to "come not anear," for the reason that no such person could "fathom it," the thought and feeling being too much for him in its delicacy and profundity. We should say that in this case, too, he may probably consider himself warned off the premises, and that "Gareth and Lynette" also, like the earlier poem, is not calculated to give him much pleasure. In other words, supposing the sophist's brow to have an organ of sound judgment behind it; supposing

\* "Gareth and Lynette. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

him to be a person well acquainted with poetry and capable of detecting a counterfeit poet, or a genuine poet who has been counterfeiting and issuing notes with nothing behind them; a person who does not, for instance, confound dreamy languors with delicate sensibility to real feeling and emotion; a person who believes that the imagination of which the poet is compact is not a sick girl with sick fancies, but is, as Keats finely said, like Eve, who was Adam's dream until when he awoke he found her to be the living truth; a person who knows that poetry in its essence is not a shadow of cloudland, but a clear vision of truth, which the reason will in no way contradict nor the heart disapprove—supposing the dark-browed sophist of most of the poets who talk about him to be a person of this general description, we fancy that he got about as much satisfaction from the poem of "The Poet's Mind," produced in the Laureate's callow years, as he will be likely to get from this new idyl.

While yet the Knights of Arthur's Table are all brave and loyal, and the ladies of his court are all as chaste as fair, Gareth,

"The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,  
And tallest,"

burns with an ardent desire to become a warrior for the right.

"To sweep  
In ever-highering eagle circles up  
To the great Sun of Glory, and thence swoop  
Down upon all things base, and dash them dead."

He is, however, kept at home by his mother, who is frightened at the thought of his departure from her, and has long resisted his wish; but at last he gets her leave. Incautiously telling him that he may go to the court, but that it must be in disguise, and that if serve the king he must, he must serve in the scullery for twelve months and a day before he serves in the field, he takes her at her word, and on the following day sets out for the city. The king, who knows his lineage, receives him well, granting the required boon, and Gareth becomes a kitchen thrall, under the discipline of Sir Kay, the curst and shrewd, a seneschal who nips his scullions severely, and who in particular dislikes young Gareth, and hazes him, as the mariners say, and puts upon him, as goes the phrase in the kitchens of our day. Thus Sir Kay receives his new assistant:

"He rose and past: then Kay, a man of mien  
Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself  
Root-bitten by white lichen,

"Lo ye now!  
This fellow hath broken from some Abbey, where,  
God wot, he had not beef and brewis enow,  
However that might chance! but an he work,  
Like any pigeon will I cram his crop,  
And sleeker shall he shine than any hog."

Or "pork hog," as the original has it. Lancelot, who, as well as Arthur, is in the secret of the youth's birth, is ever kind to him, and interferes to bespeak for him the seneschal's good-will, remarking with the courtesy for which he is famous that Sir Kay knows all about dogs—

"Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray, and all the hounds"—

and also knows a horse, but that as a person to judge of a man he knows nothing, and that Gareth is no doubt of noble birth, his hands being fine, his nose high, his hair fluent, and so forth. To whom Sir Kay waspishly:

"Then Kay, 'What murmurest thou of mystery?  
Think ye this fellow will poison the King's dish?  
Nay, for he spake too fool-like: mystery!  
Tut, an the lad were noble, he had ask'd  
For horse and armor: fair and fine, foresooth!  
Sir Fine-face, Sir Fair-hands? but see thou to it  
That thine own fineness, Lancelot, some fine day  
Undo thee not—and leave my man to me.'"

And of this following manner was the manner of Gareth's life in the suds under the seneschal's supervision:

"So Gareth all for glory underwent  
The sooty yoke of kitchen vassalage:  
Ate with young lads his portion by the door,  
And couch'd at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.  
And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,  
But Kay the seneschal who lov'd him not  
Would hustle and harry him, and labor him  
Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set  
To turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,  
Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bow'd himself  
With all obedience to the King, and wrought  
All kind of service with a noble ease  
That graced the lowliest act in doing it."

"So for a month he wrought among the thralls," and then on a day a damsel, Lynette by name, enters Arthur's hall, and cries upon him for justice, her case being this: a catiff knight besieges the castle of her sister, the Lady Lynors, whom he desires in marriage, she desiring none of him, but by all means somebody or anybody else. His three brethren, "strong fools," according to Lynette, guard the approaches to the lady's castle, suffering no suitors to pass the river fords, the first brother guarding the passage of the

circumvolving river, and calling himself Morning Star, the second calling himself Noon Sun, the third calling himself Evening Star, and the three collectively being known as Day, while the fourth goes by the name of Night. This last is a knight of portentous appearance, singular habits, and of a reputation to match his looks. Some hold that he has eaten the flesh of infants; he at all events slaughters women and children; he rides always by night; he never speaks to any one but by the mouth of his squire, who gives him out for a most fearful demon when roused, and easily roused; he wears a grinning skull at the top of the helmet which crowns his gigantic stature, the skull, no less than his name of Night, threatening endless night and death to whosoever provokes his sword. This is the suitor for the hand of Lynette, and she, extremely anxious for deliverance from him, seeks as a champion Sir Lancelot, for whom accordingly Lynette asks. But Gareth, whom previously the king had in secret made a knight, now, much to the disgust of Sir Kay, loudly demands that the quest be given to him, and obtains his request, much to the surprise of everybody and to the exceeding indignation of Lynette, who is something of a shrew, as perhaps is indicated by her curious nose:

"Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

At this point we are half through the mere story, and may for a moment pause to remark on the foreign matter imported into it. Of this there is not much; and what there is cannot be said to improve it. The four brethren, whom Lynette sharply but with substantial justice called four fools, borrowed their allegorical names from a painted allegory drawn on the walls of a gorge by a holy anchorite once resident there. The allegory sets forth "the war of time against the soul of man." The beholder sees the name "Phosphorus," then "Meridies," then "Hesperus," then "Nox" and "Mors" carved upon the slabs of stone, and under each name the figure of an armed man. These five, "their faces forward all," are depicted as pursuing after the soul—"a shape with broken wings" that flees for help and shelter towards the cave of the anchorite. We may anticipate the sequel of the young knight's adventures by saying that his faith and courage are victorious over all the representatives of Time, and that when he comes to war with Night and Death, that terrific monster—the skull which surmounts his helmet being cloven and his helmet, also split in two, found empty—discovers himself as a blooming youth, who asks quarter and says it was his three brethren who clothed him with horrors not his own. This fable teaches, we presume, that faith and loyalty are triumphant over Time, and that after death's grisly terrors have been encountered life and immortality are found beyond. The reader will readily come to a conclusion as to the value of this lesson and as to the poetical value of the imagery by which it is set forth. For our own part, we should say that at least it is all better than finding Gareth and Lynette to be a sun myth or a piece of phallic symbolism, though exactly how much better it is we do not undertake to say.

To return to Camelot, Lynette no sooner understands that Gareth is to be her sister's champion than she flings out of the hall in a very disrespectful fury, and sets her face towards the Castle Perilous without waiting for her escort, who, however, equips himself and makes after her. Thus she accosts the young man:

"To whom Sir Gareth drew  
(And there were none but few goodlier than he)  
Shining in arms, 'Damsel, the quest is mine.  
Lead, and I follow.' She thereto, as one  
That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in the holt,  
And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,  
Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender nose  
With petulant thumb and finger shrilling, 'Hence!  
Avoid, thou smelliest all of kitchen-grease!';

and spurring her horse she flies from him. He follows on, and when he comes up to her is again abused like a pickpocket, but like a true knight he answers gently and with a smile which drives the young lady nearly crazy, and once more she flies. This time she loses her way in the forest, and when Sir Gareth comes up with her tells him so, and permits him to keep in her company; lion and stoat, as she tells him, having before then consented to "isole together, knave, in time of flood."

Sir Gareth begins his good fortunes by unseating Sir Kay, who pursues him to bring him back to his dish-washing, and who goes "dislocated home," for which exploit none the less does the damsel revile him. Soon afterwards he rescues from six robbers a knight whom these ruffians had bound and weighted with a great stone about his neck to the end that he might be drowned in a pool; but Lynette continues her abuse and declines to sit at the table with him:

"Him—here—a villain fitter to stick ewine  
Than ride abroad redressing woman's wrong,  
Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman."

As they proceed on their journey, however, and success attends Sir Gareth's lance, the maid gradually begins to fall in love, though she fails not of her

impudence till some time after the tender passion has stolen in upon her. This part of the story is far better managed than the rest of it, and the song of which a verse or two is sung now and again by Lynette in snatches will please the readers who have liked the blank verse songs of which Mr. Tennyson made so very fortunate a beginning in "Tears, idle tears," and one of which has adorned each of his idyls. As we have quoted from this poem so much that seems to us wholly unworthy of its author's reputation, and of evil example to all young poets—who are, we fear, but a lazy breed at the best—we will quote this pretty song complete:

I.  
"O morning star that smilest in the blue,  
O star, my morning dream hath proven true,  
Smile sweetly thou! my love hath smiled on me.

II.  
"O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,  
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,  
Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.

III.  
"O dewy flowers that open to the sun,  
O dewy flowers that close when day is done,  
Blow sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.

IV.  
"O birds that warble to the morning sky,  
O birds that warble as the day goes by,  
Sing sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.

V.  
"O trefoll, sparkling on the rainy plain,  
O rainbow with three colors after rain,  
Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath smiled on me."

The verses mark, though not very obviously, the progress of Lynette's passion, the last of them being preceded by these lines:

"But the damsel said,  
'I lead no longer; ride thou at my side;  
Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-knaves.'"

On the whole, "Gareth and Lynette" will add nothing to the value of the poem in which it is placed. It has all the faults of the other idyls, some of its own, and but an insufficient degree of the merits which have made that series of poems a pleasing and, in some respects, a delightful work. We think the author's better admirers will regret its appearance as being injurious to its companions. Parting with Mallory's charming realm of romance, and having it to some extent utilized, and so to speak utilitarianized and unpoetized, for the sake of getting the sweetness of the Tennysonian Elaine, the high strain of honor, the keen sense of duty of the Tennysonian Arthur, and the remorse and sense of sinfulness of the new Lancelot—this is one thing; but parting with our enchanted land and with Sir Gareth of Orkney and his Linet, and the Castle Dangerous, and getting in exchange a feebly grotesque story about the new Sir Kay and allegorical knights and damsels with tip-tilted noses, is quite another thing, and one which it will please few good readers to do. Let alone such higher matters as the inadequate conceptions of life, destiny, and duty which these idyls exhibit, there is in "Gareth" very little to redeem its faults in respect of such smaller matters as the frequent false simplicity of diction, and the frequent absurd turgidity; the failure—almost sure to be melancholy and total when Mr. Tennyson attempts the humorous—of Sir Kay and the fishwiferies of the damsel; the weakness of the invented part of the tale.

It is perhaps no harm to remind parents whose boys seek romantic reading, that it is now possible to get, at a cheap rate, a judiciously expurgated and well-arranged edition of Sir Thomas Mallory's compilation, and that it is a very suitable book for the approaching season of presents.

*A Norwegian-Danish Grammar and Reader.* By Rev. C. J. P. Peterson. (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 1872.)—This is a book remarkable neither for profundity of scholarship nor for any high degree of literary merit; but containing, as it does, the rudimentary grammar of the Norwegian-Danish language set forth in tolerably intelligible English, it may in a measure accomplish its purpose, that of bringing the literature of Norway and Denmark within the reach of English and American students. The effort is certainly in itself a laudable one, and it is therefore the more to be regretted that the author has not had the skill to avoid many of those inaccuracies which now mar the pages of his book, and which, we fear, will seriously interfere with its usefulness. His failings are especially conspicuous whenever he ventures upon a paraphrase of an English idiom; for, being but moderately versed in the phraseology of English grammar, he is frequently compelled to resort to the most artificial paraphrases. In the first part of the etymology there occur several misapplications of grammatical terms, among which we especially note the following. Any changes in the termination of words, no matter whether declensions, conjugations, or



derivative changes, are treated under the common head of inflections; *Baron* (a baron) is thus inflected into *Baronesse* (a baroness); *Biskop* (a bishop) into *Biskopinde* (a bishop's wife), etc.

On page 15, where a list is given of the nouns which change their meaning with their gender, we find two mistranslations. *En Brug* certainly means a custom, but *et Brug* (neuter) does not mean a trade, but a mill or a factory. *En Værk* is not "a pain," but a boil. In section 14 the author contradicts the rule quoted on the preceding page. "The neuter gender of adjectives," he says, "is formed by adding a *t* to the common gender"; and, as an example, he gives *god* (good), neuter *godt*. On the next page he asserts that adjectives ending in *d*, with a vowel before it, "are not inflected in gender." On page 12, where the Norwegian alphabet is given, we are told that the letter *j* is pronounced like the English *j* in *job*, while the truth is that it has the sound of the English *y* when used as a consonant, as in *yacht, yes, Yankee*, etc. It is also very questionable whether the Norwegian letter *o* can be said to be identical in sound with the English *o* in *oak*, and equally doubtful whether *ö* is the English *u* in *bury*. In regard to the English *o*, it has been observed by elocutionists that it has a diphthongal character, or rather that it is a compound sound, consisting both of the open and the closed *o*-sound. Any one attempting to pronounce *old, cold, oak*, etc., may convince himself of the truth of this. The Norwegian and Danish *o* has both these sounds, but never in the same syllable. When short, as in *Borger* (citizen), *Orden* (order), it is pronounced like the English *o* in *often*; when long, either with this same open sound prolonged, as in *order, form*, or with the closed sound of the German words *ober, Ohr*. The letter *ö* has also two distinct characters, none of which is that of the English *u* in *bury*. It is either short, like the English *u* in *uncle*, or long, and has then the sound of the German *ö* or *æ* in *Höhe, Oehl*.

In his translation of Norwegian idioms, the author gives further evidence that his knowledge of the English language is only of a superficial kind. A brief consultation of Webster's Dictionary would, in many instances, have relieved him of the necessity of making an elaborate paraphrase where a direct translation would have been more to the purpose. If, for instance, he had been acquainted with the use of the word *vein*, in the sense of turn of mind, cast of genius, he would have rendered the phrase, *Han har en poetisk Aare*, he has a poetical vein, or he has a vein for poetry, instead of "he has some talent for poetry," and the imagined difference would have altogether vanished. To take another example: the more literal translation of the idiom, *At gaa i Barndommen*, to be in one's second childhood, would have been preferable to "to be in his dotage"; and so in numerous other instances.

Some fifty years ago, the Danish grammarian Rask made a similar effort to introduce the Norwegian-Danish language to the notice of English readers; but his book is now both out of date and out of print. In spite of all its deficiencies, the present grammar and reader cannot fail to attract some attention among students who feel an interest in the tongues and literatures of foreign lands. And to those who are already familiar with the literatures of the Scandinavian countries, it cannot but appear strange that they should have remained so long a *terra incognita* to English-speaking nations. In Germany, the works of Oehlenschläger, Hertz, and Bergsøe have appeared almost simultaneously with their publication in Copenhagen, while in England and America they are still waiting for an introduction, perhaps with the exception of Hertz, whose drama, "King René's Daughter," was published some years ago in Hurd & Houghton's series of foreign translations. We therefore rejoice to see names like Welhaven, Asbjørnson, and Wergeland in a book published on this side of the Atlantic, even if the selections from their writings are not in every instance judicious. It seems especially hard to forgive Mr. Peterson for choosing among all Wergeland's poems a piece of nursery doggerel entitled "The Kings of Norway," in which none of the poet's characteristics appear, which he simply wrote as an historical exercise for schoolboys, and for which he never thought of claiming any degree of literary merit. But Asbjørnson's "Reindeer Hunt," and Welhaven's "A Legend of St. Olaf," are fine and worthy specimens of Norse literary art.

*Goethe and Mendelssohn. (1821-1831.)* Translated, with additions, from the German of Dr. Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy by M. E. von Glehn. With portraits and facsimile, and letters by Mendelssohn of later date. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.)—At Goethe's death, in 1832, Mendelssohn was only twenty-three. The friendship between the two, if that be the right word to describe their relations to each other, had begun eleven years before, when Mendelssohn was a boy of twelve and Goethe nearly seventy-three, but still fond of talking of pretty girls, and as well-pleased as ever to have his artistic tastes skilfully ministered to. As for Mendelssohn, the boy had already written two operas and was busy with a third; to say nothing of six symphonies, a cantata, six fugues for the pianoforte, and a psalm in four and

five parts with a grand double fugue. Like most geniuses, and, we believe, like all musical ones, he had developed early; and Goethe, who had listened in his own fourteenth year to Mozart in his seventh, felt moved to say that the young Mendelssohn bore "the same relation to the Mozart of that time, that the cultivated talk of a grown-up person does to the prattle of a child." A critic of seventy-three, even as cool-headed as this one certainly was, is perhaps not altogether to be relied on to compare faithfully his judgment of sixty years back with that formed in age beside a beautiful and fascinating child like Mendelssohn. The maturer works of the latter are not likely, at least, to be placed on as lofty a level as those of Mozart.

One gets a very pleasant impression both of Goethe and of the little musician in the letters written home at this time by the latter:

"Every afternoon," he says, "Goethe opens the Streicher piano with these words, 'I have not heard you at all to-day, so you must make a little noise for me.' Then he sits down by me, and when I have finished (generally improvising), I beg for a kiss, or else I take one. You can have no conception of his goodness and kindness, nor of the quantity of minerals, busts, engravings, statuettes, and large drawings which this Pole-star of poets has in his possession. That he has an imposing figure I cannot see; he is really not much bigger than my father. But his look, his language, his name, they are imposing. His voice has an enormous sound in it, and he can shout like ten thousand fighting men."

But after all there is not very much more of Goethe in the little volume than will fairly suffice to give it a taking name. There are a few notes from him which do not say a great deal, and as in the case of the Beltine correspondence "the child" has the most interesting part to play. The background against which the figure is thrown up is, of course, a great thing in itself, but here it is not much more than a background. In a letter to Goethe, Mendelssohn makes a characteristic criticism on the differences between the North and South Germans, which artists of all kinds have frequent occasion to verify:

"It is most amusing," he writes, "to see the difference between a Munich and a Berlin musical party. At Berlin, when a piece of music comes to an end, the whole company sits in solemn silence, each one considering what his opinion is to be, nobody giving a sign of applause or pleasure; and all the while the performer is in the most painful embarrassment, not knowing whether or in what spirit he has been listened to. And yet afterwards, he often finds people who have given all their attention, and been very deeply moved, though outwardly appearing so cold and indifferent. Here, on the contrary, it is great fun playing at a party, because the people can't help talking every minute about what they like; sometimes even they begin clapping and applauding in the middle of a piece; and it is not at all uncommon, when one gets up from playing, to find that everybody has moved because sometimes all of a sudden they want to come and watch one's fingers, and stand all round the piano, or some one wishes to make an observation to some one else, and goes and sits down by him and talks. Afterwards they overwhelm you with compliments and kindness; but I don't know whether I should not be afraid that, after a day or two, much of the vividness of the impression would fade."

The Appendix, which contains perhaps half the matter of the book, consists of certain heretofore unpublished letters of Mendelssohn, written for the most part to some of his English friends, and not specially interesting to the general reader. Those written to home friends while in England contain, however, some pleasant gossiping. He was exceedingly well received, as everybody knows, and gives his "dear little mother" a long account of a morning at Buckingham Palace, when the Queen came in to Prince Albert and himself, who had been "talking music," and after kneeling down in good housewifely style to pick up the sheets of it with which they had littered the floor, honored him by singing as well as "any amateur," some of his own songs. To musical people and to others who are not a little repelled by the sort of hero worship which imagines that every detail about its idol must be generally interesting, the work may safely be commended.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse, Sept. 1872, swd. (Schoenhof & Moeller)	
Da Costa (Dr. J. M.), Modern Medicine, swd. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
De Mille (Prof. J.), Young Dodge Club; The Seven Hills. (Lee & Shepard)	
Evans (J.), Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain. (D. Appleton & Co.)	
Freeman (E. A.), Outlines of History. (Holt & Williams)	1 25
Haleigh (Rev. A.), The Little Sanctuary and other Meditations. (Dodd & Mead)	
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Smith (W.), Art Education, Scholastic and Industrial. (J. R. Osgood & Co.)	5 00
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Warner (A. B.), My Brother's Keeper. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
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